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# Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 24, 1979

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## CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 24, 1970

VOL 93 NO 39

**Tower: time out for kids**

An incident on a jet seethed in-  
volving two children prompted  
parental Warner Troyer to  
interview 300 people about  
marriage breakups: the candid  
result. *Divorced Kids*. **B**

**'An option not to run'**

A more formally away, Senator Edward Kennedy has unofficially entered the presidential battle—without the semantic problems of President Jimmy Carter.

## COVER STORY

**The new season**  
Once again fall television invades our lives on new tube celebrities (also starring in home comedies) are born in the fall season: many are even coined from previous programs. Archie Bunker's Place and The Rogers to name two. This year, sitcoms like the bewilder and dramatic and wacky spectacles will try to grab the awards, while detective shows seem to have satisfied themselves solely

## To carve and protect

The killing by a policeman of a Jamaican immigrant has inflamed Toronto's blacks, reflecting the increasingly galling relationship between citizens and cops. **Page 2**

### Muscling to the Max

Shoring every muscle fiber of the human machine by clinging to sheer granite walls, the climbing team taken up "static climbing"—a form of mountain exercises. **From the**

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**Treat your guests royally.**

## The blacks-Jews feud: Ed Koch joins Carter in the pressure cooker



Workmen clean-up knots from Paradise Mall

The many resignation of former United States ambassador to the United Nations Andrew Young, after an unannounced meeting with a representative of the Palestine Liberation Organization, has turned into one of the hottest ethnic confrontations in recent American politics. Blacks against Jews. Many blacks viewed Young's departure as evidence of President Jimmy Carter's capitulation to Jewish interests, and that has put the president smack in the eye of the storm.

If he can take any comfort from the situation, Carter is not the only political leader caught in a maddening black-Jewish quarrel. New York City Mayor Ed Koch, himself Jewish, is in a similar predicament. In recently revealed private remarks, Koch confessed that he thought most blacks "very antisemitic." That comment ignited a vitriolic battle between Koch and the city's minority groups. Furthermore, as a result of recent resignations in Koch's administration, he now finds himself without one minority representative in his top ranks.

Many of Koch's current problems come from the debate balancing act that his vital part of any New York City mayor's job—to respond to the needs of the disadvantaged communities without so disrupting services to middle-class areas that residents flee to the suburbs. Further eroding the city's shrinking tax base. About 40 per cent of middle-class New Yorkers give Koch a

favorable job rating, but in black communities only 42 per cent of those questioned in a recent survey thought he was doing his job well.

Paradoxically for Koch, the black-Jewish feud could become a source of revenue. In recognition of the support that black groups have recently given the PLO, several well-known Arab nations are considering setting up a fund for rehabilitating the poverty-stricken South Bronx, among other black ghettos across the U.S.

Koch fueling the black-Jewish controversy



At Carter's level, however, the international aspect of the quarrel has not been at all encouraging. After a group of black leaders met with a PLO representative, they noted that their community had particular reason to favor a Middle East settlement that would satisfy the Palestinians, blacks, whose average income is significantly below that of white Americans, would suffer the most from the escalating oil prices which represent the Arab world's most potent weapon against the West.

For their part, Jewish groups protested that they had brought no pressure to bear for Young's resignation, pointing out that his major sin was not his meeting with the PLO but his failure, initially, to tell the state department the truth about it.

In any case, their once-firm support of black causes has been shattered. During the civil rights days of the '60s, Jews were among the most vocal supporters and the heaviest contributors to such major black organizations as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. But during the '70s, what one Jewish leader calls a "slow but perceptible swing of the Jewish community to the right" was matched by increasing reluctance on the part of black organizations. The positions the two groups took on the Supreme Court's historic June 28, 1978, Bakke decision—which ruled out special minority quotas for admission to college and graduate schools—showed how far apart they had traveled. Blacks favored quotas as compensation for deprived educational backgrounds; Jewish organizations opposed any form of quotas, calling them a return to the restrictive policies of the past which Jewish many otherwise qualified Jewish students out of top-flight schools.

In the opinion of many observers, the escalation of offensive ethnic charges said counter-charges in the Young affair could have been avoided if Carter had been more explicit in his statement to the ambassador's departure, or if he had spoken out forcefully when he saw the two sides squaring off. Instead, Carter chose to remain silent for nearly two weeks, and when he addressed the matter in a speech at George's Brewery University he chose only to remind blacks and Jews they had suffered too much to waste their energies attacking each other. What none of Carter's advisers saw (or in that both groups will find a more convenient target: Carter himself. And in his weakened political condition, the Jewish groups will find attacks from such traditionally loyal Democratic groups to be fatal. **Rita Christopher**

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# Super, Natural

## British Columbia, Canada.

# Warner Troyer takes time out for kids



By Warren Gerard

What happens in a man and a lady get to meet. And they get to fall in love. And they get to marry. And they buy a house. And they get to have more kids. And they get to be divorced. And they live happily ever after... a five-year-old speaking to a three-year-old about the facts of life from *Divorced Kids* by Warner Troyer.

It was four years ago, six days before Christmas. Warner Troyer, journalist and television personality, had been filming in Europe. Now he was on his way home via Munich, Zurich and New York. Tired, assignment complete, he chose the very back seat of the aircraft on the short flight from New York

against conversation with an elderly man and his son. Troyer passed by the man's seat. "You, I'm going home to visit my son for Christmas."

Two or three rows ahead was a boy about the same age as the girl. He was turned out in his Sunday best: blue blazer, grey slacks, a white shirt with a tartan, clip-on bow tie hanging loose at one side of an open collar. He, too, was travelling alone.

On arrival at the airport, Troyer waited in his seat and was the last to disembark. A few steps ahead were the two children, both in the care of a stewardess who was taking them to the baggage-reception area, where each was being met. As they walked along the seemingly never-ending byways of Terminal 3, the girl turned to the boy and said, "I don't know about you, but I really prefer to fly American Airlines rather than Air Canada when I come to visit my mommy, because American flies into Terminal 1. It's so much more convenient, because it's not too far, and you don't have to walk nearly as far, and you can just take an elevator to the car park. Besides, American flies from La Guardia in New York, and it's a lot closer to Manhattan than Kennedy, where you have to go on Air Canada. But I really don't like Terminal 3, here."

Troyer recalls his reaction at the time. "I was really tired, the jet lag and all that, and it hit me. I was shocked at the sophistication of that kid, the unnatural sophistication that seemed to me wrong, and it bothered me. I went on thinking about that for a hell of a long time off and on. I can still see and hear her, still marvel at her worldliness, at an age when skipping ropes seemed more appropriate than tic-tac and ligue carousels."

He is telling the story on the back deck of his comfortable old home as a solitary smoke-lined stare in Washington, D.C. He chain-smokes and occasionally sips a gin and tonic. At 45, and he looks every minute of it, this old pro, a veteran journalist who has interviewed a thousand faces on and off camera, is nervous at being interviewed himself. He chain-smokes his nervousness away and talks quietly in the manner of the understated Troyer seen so often on such programs as *This Hour Has Seven Days* and the *60 Minutes* extra.

The pale little girl on the plane depicted in Troyer's mind. She was a child of a broken marriage. Perhaps she reminded him of the children of his own broken marriages. Troyer had six chil-

dren, one adopted, from his first marriage. A year after the flight from New York his second marriage fell apart. He had another two children with his second wife. Right in all. With the girl on the plane that sparked the idea for his new book, *Divorced Kids* (Clarke Irwin), but his own guilt was the initial driving force.

"None there was guilt," Troyer says. "Pretty the word up and you can call it responsibility." He admits that when his marriages broke up he didn't handle

Moreover they were mostly about kids with severe trauma, emotionally screwed-up kids, and it didn't seem to me that they dealt with the ordinary ones who don't show overt signs of major trauma, but who are probably pretty badly set up inside."

After his second marriage broke up he told an interviewer that young journalists should remain single. "If the typewriter in your mistress, you're bound to make a lousy husband. And believe me, we journalists do indulge



Troyer covering the Springfield, Mass. bombing disaster, 1983. The glory days.

the situation well with his kids. I didn't handle it. I'm sure that there are going to be more people, probably some critics, who are going to say the whole book was nothing but a prolonged and self-indulgent catharsis for Warner Troyer. But I didn't handle it. I screwed it up with both my families, both those sets of kids. I'm only now beginning to understand the dimensions of that screw-up and I only came to understand it by talking to other people's kids and then going back and talking to my own kids and saying, "Hey, did this happen with you?"

Troyer interviewed more than 300 kids, teenagers and adults, all from broken marriages. *Divorced Kids* is their book as much as it is Troyer's. Sometimes their stories are funny; mostly they are tragic. Troyer's method was to tape their interviews and use what the children said in a deposed-up, unscripted form, preserving their identities. "I had looked at a couple of books about divorce and children written by psychiatrists and sociologists. I thought they were crap, pretentious and pompous and probably not very useful.

ourselves terribly. Whatever interview we're doing this moment is the most important thing in the world. We think the assignment allows an abdication from normal responsibility and we keep abusing that privilege. It's an absorbing fix, an all-consuming disease."

Troyer self-indulgence, Troyer's fix, as he puts it, led to neglect of his family. "I went through years and years and years depriving my kids of me. During *This Hour Has Seven Days* there were 304 weeks in which there were only 12 days. I didn't work from 'til 'til I averaged more than 106 hours' work a week. Twice I woke up in my car on the 403 highway with my forehead on the steering wheel, the car moving at 80 on p.h. I guess it was my whole life. The same was true when I produced *60*."

"So I deprive them of myself, the most important thing I had to give them. I did the classic North American thing I made up for it, I thought, I supposed, with books, bicycles, with a house. Which was baldfish, of course. I

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## Frontlines

still have the same sense of urgency about the work I do but I have a hell of a lot more fun now with the time I have with them, and I have more time with them. I suppose I was running from something that wasn't working very well. I was hiding from it."

He has stopped running these days. His work load has lightened. The telephone hasn't rung with the CBC crews, but this is another of Troyer's cycles. "Every couple of years I'm rediscovered by a magazine-show producer as though I'm a great find." Until then, he is literary editor of CBC radio's *Sunday Morning* and tucked away in his mind are four more books. More important, perhaps, his house is filled with children—his own.

His own childhood was happy. His parents were happy. Maybe it works that way. At 18, trauma struck. His right leg was amputated below the knee. "I had a bone infection and a bad diagnosis." He read (that was before TV) and wrote bad fiction with O Henry twist endings. He still had a squeaky voice at 18 and played the juvenile lead in *Jane Eyre*. Four times in three years in radio-guy productions in Calgary and Edmonton. He was developing a taste for men and it was in Edmonton that he got his first scoop, but he didn't know what to do with it. So he did nothing.

MacIlya Murray had broken her ankle at a coat party while fixing dinner of *No Animals with Robert Mitchell*. The film's crew was up to Troyer's last program every night (he was fired a few days later for not playing the role) and they phoned nightly for a report. One night the chief cameraman called and said Monroe had broken her ankle. "She was stoned and went out to have a look at a coat party and put her foot in a gutter hole. I phoned the Redi-Set hospital and they finally admitted she was there. I was afraid to run the story, for fear of libel suits or something. I was just a kid. The next day a press release explained how they'd been sitting in the crew with Mitchell and she'd been swept away and her leg had been caught between two rocks. They said she had been drowning and Mitchell had saved her. Curiously there were no camera rolls."

Troyer wondered. Must everybody of Troyer's years in journalism did the same. They wandered, worked hard, worried and drank themselves into stupors. The kids have changed now. They're serious, for the most part, dull, and they think journalism is a profession. Troyer worked as a newsman, the only man, at a radio station in Fort Frances where he reported, wrote,



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## Frontlines



edited and announced the news from 7 a.m. to midnight and then free-lanced. He worked for the *Portage la Poutine Daily Graphic* and the *Winnipeg Free Press*. He did some television work, six-and-a-half hours, and a public-affairs show in Winnipeg.

And then he met Patrick Watson. Watson went to Winnipeg to interview Troyer for a tv public-affairs program in Ottawa. "He got off the plane at Winnipeg and I started to gush because he was on crotchets with his past leg passed up [Watson lost his in an accident] and he didn't know that I had an artificial leg."

It was the beginning of the glory days for Troyer. He was an *Insider* until 1964, *Seven Days* until 1968, *The Public Eye* until 1968, *95.9* until 1970. After that he set up a film production company which was active until 1973. Then he hosted *The City Show* on the first season it was on city tv, a local Toronto station, for 30 months, three hours a night, five nights a week. "After 10 months I typed up a resignation and gave it to Ron Haggart [the producer] one night and he was, 'Why?' and I said, 'I was just sitting in the studio and I heard myself saying the same anecdote I told last night.'"

He worked for *Affix* until a year, travelling 100,000 miles in that time. One night after a 14-hour filming day in Kitchener, Troyer returned to his hotel to find producers Ron Haggart, Edith Taylor and Glenn Barby waiting for him. "I had a steak and they drank and told me they weren't going to pick up my option. We went through a two-hour session of very intensive bargaining which had to do with how much they were prepared to pay me so that I would

Troyer, *'Sunday Morning'* host/producer  
Brynna Ordine, naked and vulnerable

go quietly. But when I asked why, the only reason I got from Barby was 'You don't speak much now.' I was in shock that night. I went back to the hotel and cried for about two hours until I went to sleep."

Only a week earlier Troyer had won two ACTRA awards for a film story on memory following in northwestern Ontario. Some unemployed, he decided at the urging of John Power, an editor at Clarke Irwin, to write a book on the subject. "Having made the film for *Affix*, I realized how much more there was to say, how inadequately I had covered it. You know, we're really hit-and-run artists, and that story was going on but it wasn't being covered."

It took Troyer eight months to write *No Safe Place* with the help of *Affix* editor, researcher Glenn Moss, with whom he now lives. The book was praised by reviewers. It was good journalism but it made no sales records, selling about 5,000 hard-cover copies. Troyer estimates he lost between \$3,000 and \$12,000 by writing the book.

A good friend read *No Safe Place* in manuscript form. "He wrote me an agonized letter saying, 'Pinus, God, don't publish that book. Reverse it, there's too much of you in it. You're too naked, too vulnerable,' and I wrote back saying, 'I don't know any other way to write that would feel like it mattered.'"

He wrote *Divorced Kids* in the same personal way and worried slightly about it. "My kids might think I'm exploiting them—but I don't think they will when they read it." ☐

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## Buchenwald remembered: they were not alone

**B**ill Gibson was only 18 when he was quickly marched through the gates of Kofenstein Lager, Buchenwald in the summer of 1944, one of 170 Allied prisoners of war transferred to the camp from a French prison just before the liberation of Paris. Because of the bad timing, he spent 20 months surrounded by the constant, haunting reminders of death—an experience that left him with mental scars which were painfully slow to heal. “I wanted to talk about it, to tell people what it was like,” says Gibson, today a successful Halifax accountant, “but I couldn’t. I tried but people just didn’t understand. You had to be there.”

Twenty-three of Buchenwald’s POWs were Canadians and last month Gibson and three others—Ed Carter-Edwards, Jim Stewart and Stan Hetherington—were reunited at the National POW Association of Canada convention in Halifax. It was the first time since the Second World War that they had seen each other, and their meeting was especially poignant because of it. “It was a very emotional moment for me when I saw Bill again,” says Ed Carter-Edwards, now a Hamilton, Ontario, assembly-line worker. “I could feel the tears coming. I didn’t cry but I felt like it, I can tell you.”

Though the POWs fared better than

pamphlet adjusted to life back home, Gibson suffered a second emotional breakdown in 1945 and, even today, the lingering images of Buchenwald still haunt him.

The need to share his feelings and his memories with people who did understand was one reason he joined the National POW Association of Canada when it was established in 1971. Formed initially to fight for government recognition of the special needs of former prisoners of war, the association has also provided individual help, giving many their first real opportunity to talk about their experiences with others who had shared them. “The comradeship you find among these men is unique,” observed Sir Walter Stanley Knowles after addressing the national convention. “I’ve spoken to all sorts of groups but I’ve never sensed quite the same bonds of brotherhood as I did among these former prisoners of war.”

Although the four ex-POWs had formed a club (the initials stand for Buchenwald’s official designation) while in the camp and promised to meet regularly after the war, peace had pushed them in different directions. But despite the changes the years have brought—Jim Stewart is now a vice-president of marketing for Conners Bros. Fisheries in Black’s Harbor, New Brunswick, and Stan Hetherington is an inventory control officer for Dow Chemical in Sarnia, Ontario—no one was as lost for words. Between a cascade of overlapping reminiscences and round after round of scrapbook picture-taking, they made plans to keep in touch. Hetherington, in fact, plans to visit Stewart in Black’s Harbor on his way home from the Halifax convention. And Edwards, whose letter to the POW association newsletter last fall seeking information on the whereabouts of former Buchenwald POWs inspired the four to meet at the Halifax reunion, was optimistic that publicity about the Reunite fax get-together would help them find others from the original group before the association’s next convention in Victoria, B.C., in 1982.

“In everyone’s life there are only a couple of people who become really close friends,” mused Stewart as the four men clasped hands and smiled for another photograph. “That’s what we feel about each other because of what we went through—and survived—together. When Bill or Ed or Stan come to see me, no matter how long it’s been since we’ve seen each other, I’ll have time for a drink or dinner with them.”

“They understand what it was like,” added Gibson, thankfully. “They were there.”

Stephen Kimber



Hetherington, Carter-Edwards, Stewart, Gibson (clockwise from left) reunited in 1981 after being in Buchenwald together.

the thousands of Jews who were kept in a separate section of the sprawling compound—only two of the military prisoners died of malnutrition and disease in the camp. Gibson remembers the awesome sense of always living in fear that you would be next. The crematoriums were going night and day and you would see the smoke and you couldn’t help but know what was going on inside. “Of all the horrible experiences suffered by captured soldiers during that war, few compared with what another ex-Buchenwald POW called “the unique degradation” of being in a concentration camp.

Even after he was finally freed at the end of the war, Gibson could not escape the memories. Back home in Halifax, he went on a drunk that lasted a year. “After that I drove a taxi for a while but only at night. I couldn’t stand to be out in the daytime.” Though he slowly,



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# The gold rush of '79



Gold to have the 'trip' and (above): Maple Leaf coin: monometallic hearing



bates his nose. "When things look bad, the price goes up. It falls at times of plenty and peace." The energy crisis is upon us, a forecast of American recession and soaring inflation ahead—as well as tinderbox tensions in the Middle East, Iran and the Far East. And to nobody's surprise, the reflection in the mirror shows a retreat to that most secure of investments.

Quoted at \$348 (U.S.) an ounce at the end of 1975, the price of gold is now around \$380 (\$400 Canadian) an ounce and still rising. In the U.S. \$380 million ounces of gold coins and bars were bought in 1978, a colossal jump from the 1.36 million ounces bought the year before—a trend that was reflected in Canadian buying as well.

But as of this month, the slogan "buy Canadian" can be applied to gold. Capitalizing on the world buying rush, and on the fact that South Africa's and the Soviet Union's gold bullion owns are politically unpopular, Canada, as of Sept. 8, stepped into the market with a one-ounce Maple Leaf coin. The first in North America, its sale is expected to sell well in markets in Canada, the United States and Europe.

While its face value is \$50, the Maple Leaf's true worth will be set daily by the London Gold Market, with a nominal six-per-cent minting and handling charge added to the price. For the Canadian gold mining industry, the five million coins they will be asked to produce over the next three years will mean a change from lethargy to full-capacity production.

The Maple Leaf coin was the 1977 brainchild of the Mining Association of Canada, which must now drive on its members to produce the five million ounces needed for the first three years of the issue—an amount that equals the total Canadian gold output of the past three years. But even if Canada were to sell all five million coins this year, the program would still be a step below South Africa's league—with its sales of six million kilogramme bullion coins a year.

Among gold investors there is a fringe extreme that treats gold as a religion, as a way of life, as being valuable above all else. They are the "gold bugs," and part and parcel of their anomalous acquisition is the dogma that the world's economic system is destined to collapse into anarchy—but soon. Only people holding gold bullion or coins, so the story goes, will be left to carry on commerce, and the "bugs" are determined to be located in their numberless, tiny determinations to move to a state of mind, it runs to private arsenals and fortified dwellings stocked with

everywhere these days seem to believe that Christopher Columbus was spotting gospel when he called gold "the most exquisite of all things," and some to refuse to even consider the dire warnings of that other gospel, that gold "has been therein of many." Not all the crazed days of the Klondike rush of the 1890s has gold captured the fancy of North Americans as it has this year. Today, however, Shakespeare's "yellow diamonds" does not hold out the same lure of easy wealth to be plucked from a northern hillside. The new purchasers buy it across the counter from gold merchants—as easily as they would purchase tomatoes. But in a time of political unrest and economic uncertainty it is still the same solid, secure investment that enticed the skipper of the Santa Maria.

"Gold is the mirror of international anxiety," says James Sinclair, head of a Wall Street investment firm which

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PHILIPS



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# ESPAÑA

## Scots wha hae wi' Flora trod

Poor Benth Macquarrie, depicted in your article in *Flora MacDonald*, *The Honourable Flora* (Sept. 3). Bad enough that he was called Andrew Brown by the newspapers, but Montreal had to reject the mistake. Macquarrie is one of Canada's finest Scots and a dear friend and former colleague of MacDonald. After a distinguished career as a member of Parliament for Hillsborough, Prince Edward Island, for some 22 years, surely he should be recognized. I believe as strongly as to Macquarrie, who always appeared in the House of Commons in a kilt on Robert Burns day.

J. MICHAEL FORBES, ST. JOHN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK

## Babies and bath water

Barbara Amiel's column *Hanging Out at the Shopping Mall—The Dominion Chronicle's* *Shoppers* anno the *Woe* (Sept. 3) upset and offended me. I am a 16-year-old high-school student and I resent some of the implications of this article. In writing it Amiel seems to have fallen prey to one of the oldest prejudices in the book, judging the majority by the minority. I will admit that a good portion of my contemporaries spend their lives in the semi-dazed state Amiel writes about, but does that have to damn the rest of us? I know many people my age who are avid at what goes on in the world around us and many of the other intellectual pursuits Amiel believes is impossible of. Hard as it may be for some to believe, there are 16- and 17-year-olds in this world who



Flora MacDonald: one of the finest

care about things other than what *she* abouts. Le Chateau has just received Mart of all, I resent Amiel's backhanded compliment which stated that teenagers were at least clean cutters again which "deserving" worthwhile might still be gained." What was it a Greek philosopher once said? "I am deeply afraid of this new generation, for I fear they may do a better job than we."

MARCELA MONTREAL

## Who else stands on guard?

I wish to congratulate you on your excellent editorial and feature story on

John Diefenbaker, *Parasol to the City?* (Aug. 27). You certainly paid a moving tribute to a great man, a great Canadian and a superior prime minister. I thank you humbly but sincerely for your truth, clarity and candour. I am thankful that I once had the opportunity of meeting Diefenbaker and that I was inspired to write to him. May his life and works prove as example to old and young in these difficult times.

ELIZABETH R. BERRY, CHANDLER, B.C.

John Diefenbaker generated a sense of identity for all of us. "I have but one country." He made us feel we belonged and gave us hope for a better future. He opened our minds to the greatness of our country and its opportunities. In passing, he leaves me with a deep feeling of personal loss which I'm sure is shared by many Canadians. O Canada, who stands on guard for these ours?

ROBERT WARD LEBLANC ALBA

## Home, James

Even out here in British Columbia I felt a lump in my throat and pride swell my chest as David Thomas described your seah glowing terms the James Bay project in a *Macquarrie* *Dear Job* (Aug. 6). "It's true, ah so true," I thought, "the northern frontier can be tamed." And how right of Thomas to point out that, previously, only glaciers had been able to assault the landscape on such a gigantic scale. It's a pity that there appears to be some uncertainty in some quarters about the future of Quebec in Canada. I, for one, think that James Bay, still, is spacious enough to give Quebec to stay with us.

PHILIP GRADEN, VANCOUVER

## Poetic injustice

In the article *Nightstick Justice in Atzco's Town* (Aug. 27), you talk of Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo's score for the constitutional rights of his fellow citizens. The real question to which you should address yourselves relates to why an informal electorate would stop to vote for Rizzo in the first place. The mayor's antics have been well-known for many years. The American people had 30 informal years to observe and judge the man who would eventually lead them to shame in the Watergate affair, yet they did not hesitate to vote for him. Did they deserve any better?

D.J. GORMAN OTTAWA

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- 1980 Dan Jankovics, Winnipeg
- 1981 Sam Lachance, Saskatchewan
- 1982 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1983 Al Symons, Toronto
- 1984 Peter Liptak, Calgary
- 1985 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1986 George Reed, Saskatchewan
- 1987 Lewis Coleman, Calgary
- 1988 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1989 George Dixon, Montreal
- 1990 Bernie Palmer, Hamilton
- 1991 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1992 Johnny Mingo, Edmonton
- 1993 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1994 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1995 Neil Patterson, Montreal
- 1996 Pat Andrews, Montreal
- 1997 Sam Scharney, Vancouver
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- 1973 Ray Norton, B.C.
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- 1975 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1976 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1977 John Lachance, Saskatchewan
- 1978 Ken Lachance, Ottawa
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- 1980 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1981 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1982 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1983 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1984 John Brown, Hamilton
- 1985 Frank Rogers, Montreal
- 1986 Herb Gray, Winnipeg
- 1987 Roger Nelson, Edmonton
- 1988 Don Loan, Calgary
- 1989 Kaye Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1990 Kaye Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1991 Ted Connor, Montreal

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- 1979 Al Wilson, B.C.
- 1978 Don Rogers, Montreal
- 1979 Charlie Taylor, Edmonton
- 1978 Ed George, Montreal

## MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

- 1978 Dave Fennell, Edmonton
- 1979 Don Knapik, Edmonton
- 1979 Bill Baker, B.C.
- 1978 Ken Carroll, Toronto
- 1979 John Holton, Calgary

## MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

- 1978 Joe Poglowski, Winnipeg
- 1977 Leon Wright, B.C.
- 1976 John Squires, B.C.
- 1975 Tom Wilkerson, Ottawa
- 1974 Sam Scharney, Toronto
- 1973 Johnny Rodgers, Montreal
- 1972 Chuck Eddy, Hamilton

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- 1978 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1977 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1976 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1975 Ben Foley, Ottawa
- 1974 Tony Gabriel, Hamilton
- 1973 Gerry O'Neil, Ottawa
- 1972 Jon Young, B.C.
- 1971 Tony Kowalski, Montreal
- 1970 Jon Young, B.C.
- 1969 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1968 Ken Rogers, Winnipeg
- 1967 Tony Kowalski, Ottawa
- 1966 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
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- 1963 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
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## Distilling the East's secrets

Chop suey is no less American than mom's apple pie, so it was hardly surprising that the 1972 Peking banquet for President Richard Nixon, which marked the end of Sino-American hostility, proved as fascinating for its gastronomic interest as its political implications. The banquet was soon being duplicated in detail at better Chi-

nese restaurants around the world, but without the *Mao Tia* sipped by Nixon—that fiery Chinese liquor (65 per cent alcohol by volume) that gives Occidentals the courage to try any dish once.

This gastronomic overnight is being corrected by Ying C. Shih, a retired, 36-year-old import-export dealer from Guelph, Ontario. By Christmas, Cana-



Richard Nixon toasting at 1972 Peking banquet: getting crooked, Chinese-style

dian lovers of Chinese food will be among the few outside China or Taiwan who can drink up even the most pedestrian selection of egg rolls or sweet-and-sour with *Mao Tia* or three other, traditional liquors: Baise, Bamboo Leaf and Duk Chyu. The spirits will come from the first distillery of its kind in the West, the Young Chia plant in Guelph. Since the Chinese export trade of their liquors to North America and Taiwanese distilleries can't keep up with Amer customer demands, Shih explains there was no alternative. "Besides, it is cheaper to import herbs to Guelph," he says, "than to buy grain or corn in Taiwan to make alcohol." Thanks to Ontario liquor laws, the design from Guelph won't breathe quite as hot (40 per cent alcohol by volume) as its oriental sibling, but it is all other respects, the liquors will be identical.

Chinese liquors are a better antidote to sticky-sweet Western liquors; in their clear glass bottles, they resemble (and taste like) their betters in an old-fashioned barbershop. But the Western-style bottles are a temporary measure. Shih says in April he'll build a ceramics factory near deer and manufacture his own traditional crocks, employing artisans to paint each one by hand.

Until then, the glass-bottled liquors will be available only in Ontario ("about \$7 to the liquor board, \$16 in stores," Shih sighs), and in the rest of Canada sometime next year.

A London, Ontario, bartender's school is meanwhile hard at work with ice and jigger inventing mixed drinks based on the liquors. While they're at it, they might know the students for the inevitable onslaught of the demagoguing line that a drinker can now really *Taiwan-on*.

Russell Burgess



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Vancouver, will handle eight to 18 million bushels of grain each year. Last week, Manukewicz also announced that an additional 2,000 bushels will be rehabilitated for grain storage. "We're going down a further level as life for at least five years," he announced.

But until the grain actually gets moving, farmers such as Ron Capetta, a 30-year-old Okanogan, Shuswap, grain-grower, remain demoralized and wondering, once again, whether farming is really worth it. Capetta has 4,000 bushels stored in his barn from last year and doesn't have much hope of selling all of this year's shaggy harvest. This week, 156,000 Prairie farmers, all Canadian Wheat Board permit-holders, will be going to court as a \$200-million class-action suit against Canadian National and Canadian Pacific for not handling their grain. Most farmers are just as suspicious of politicians today as they are of the railways. An Bill Macneil, vice-president of the National Farmers Union, says of the new Tory measures: "We use a lot of ink in the papers, but that's it. The movement of grain is slower this year than it was a year ago." □

## Ottawa

### The pork-barrel polka plays on

As opposition leader, Joe Clark used to write in righteous anger about the sight of the Trudeau government handing out golden pluses to the party faithful, particularly the appointment that enthroned Liberal campaign chief Keith Dewar in the Senate last week: the new Tory government announced three of its own cabinet, seemingly chosen to demonstrate that the pork-barrel polka still exists in Ottawa and that the plan to change principle of political patronage is alive and well. And living with the Clark government. First on the list, elevated to six across from Senator Dewar, was Lowell Murray. As Clark's chief political adviser and the architect of the Tory election campaign.

Sitting into the upper chamber alongside Murray is 39-year-old Brian Sinclair, whose last foray into federal politics came 20 years ago when he unsuccessfully ran for a Commons seat. He had served as attorney-general and health minister of Nova Scotia in the 1960s. The third party loyalist, Murray was far more known in Eastern Canada as a lawyer, a 56-year-old lawyer who, no doubt, got his recommendation put on the back for leading Clark's transition team after the May 22 election.



Donahoe (above, left), Bulwer and Murray (below) are increasingly outmoded.



Murray, 43, stands to earn more than \$1 million from an annual salary of \$28,700 and yearly \$6,200 tax-free expense if he remains in the Senate until the mandatory 75-year age of retirement. Where the appointment was announced last week, sides said Murray was "lying low," but admitted that the perceptive legislator had recently purchased an Ottawa condominium to fuel the speculation that senators must own at least \$40,000 in property in the province from which they are appointed. Having previously ruled at the prospect of living and working in Ottawa, Murray was said to have accepted the position of Nova Scotia Tory senator from Ontario because he decided he needed to legitimize the original role



he will be playing in the day-to-day affairs of the government.

Although Clark has said eight vacancies yet to fill, and has said that he would appoint as many as eight francophones to beef up his Quebec representation, the Conservatives still are overwhelmingly anglophone (71 Liberal, 25 Conservative) in the Senate. Front-runners in the further series of appointments seem to come as: Marcel Lesert, a bilingual ex from Edmonton, who could be appointed Speaker; Heath Macquarrie, a retired law firm from Prince Edward Island; and Doug Bayliff, a free-lance party contributor from Alberta.

Not only has Clark little hope of redefining the Liberal balance of power in the Senate, but in appointments week, in Ottawa rolled into civil service country there were numerous changes without much sparking the Liberal entrenched machine. Gone from the Privy Council Office is former national unity coordinator Paul Teller, but he will be promoted to deputy minister of Indian Affairs, replacing Arthur Koop, who will slide harmoniously to become deputy minister of Transport. Stephen Clozier, the former transport deputy and one of the top mandarins in the Trade and Commerce, was named chairman of the Export Development Corporation, replacing John Macdonald. Of the reassignment approach to shaking up the civil service, Finance Minister Sinclair Stevens said: "People will just have to get used to it."

Joe O'Brien

## Winnipeg

### Reasons behind closed doors

To mark the sixth anniversary of Salvador Allende's overthrow as president of Chile, various protesters in Winnipeg, Quebec City, Montreal, Toronto, Edmonton and Calgary last week planned hunger strikes. The

### The rewards of swapping wives

Unemployment insurance benefits draw thousands of workers to the fishing. Off-rivered Macdonalds insist all payments some casual laborers view the plan as a pail of gold to be used and abused, while others fight the program as a degrading welfare measure. And for the fishermen of George Harbor, N.C., unemployment benefits could lead to swarming a loss with someone else's wife. "We have considered wife-swapping—on the job at least," says Terence Macdonald, 24. "We haven't done it yet, but we have plans. Maybe it won't be legal, but I sure would be in."

The Savage Harbor (N.S.)-based area's newly elected as it would appear wife-swapping on the fishing boats would simply allow the village's women to pay into and subsequently collect from the plan. The job itself is a Macdonald's 21-year-old wife, Marlene, and another woman, Anna Coffin, 45, having been cut off the 10 rolls despite the fact that they are registered fishermen. The government's argument is that the women work on their husband's boats and therefore aren't eligible for unemployment insurance. Anna Coffin has been told to pay back nearly \$50,000 which she collected during the



Anna and Doug Coffin (left), Marlene and Terence Macdonald, "fishing in" wives.

past four years of off-seasons. Section 26 of the Unemployment Insurance Regulations says specifically that a wife working on her husband's boat has no reasonable earnings because her share of the catch must be added to his. This problem exists in all employment situations where a dependent spouse or child is working. In the case of a family grocery store, the husband can't control his wife's power and the wife can't control because she is regarded as a dependent.

The solution for the Savage Harbor fishermen is simple, it is to trade wives. "I suppose it is possible," Anna Coffin says wryly. But, you know it is a lot simpler when you can have your house together before down to your work and come home and give the evening together," Marlene Macdonald says she hasn't been asked to pay back any benefits because she collected them legitimately—the two Terences were married only last week. "If the wife she had lived on his boat before that. Now that they have had the law it appears that she was better off 'fishing in' on."

Steven Schooner

Canadian Labour Congress urged a boycott of Chilean products in the middle of the farm, Fernando Molina happily continued scrubbing eggshells at the plates at Savatras Restaurant in Winnipeg. The 40-year-old Chilean dishwasher is whisking in the kitchen these days after a federal court judge struck a blow not only for Molina but all political refugees in Canada.

Molina, who arrived in Canada and applied for refugee status in 1977, claims that he was imprisoned and tortured by Chilean authorities before he fled—a story similar to that of Vancouver dishwasher Galindo Madrid (Molina's Aug. 30, 1979). Two of Molina's requests to stay were turned down, with no reason for the refusal offered by Canadian immigration officials. So his lawyer, David Matas, 56, sought a court order compelling immigration to give its reasons for turning Molina away. Matas argued that immigration's silence represented a denial of natural justice and that even silence should have some natural rights. Last last month Judge C. Roebuck denied that Matas' request for more information was reasonable. Smith said that even as an effect, Molina, arguably, has a right to be heard and treated fairly.

Matas views that precedent-setting

Molina: a small court in the immigration department's official curtain of silence.

decision on a processing crack in the immigration department's official curtain of silence. "It doesn't mean Mr. Molina can stay," he says, "but we can now go to trial and try to get an order forcing the department to publish its reasons. I would eventually force a major change in the way immigration handles applications from refugees." However, last month, the federal justice department said Molina that it plans to fight Smith's ruling. That appeal will have to be completed before Molina's third application to stay in Canada can progress.

Matas suspects that Molina hasn't been officially admitted to Canada because the immigration department's committee doesn't believe his story about imprisonment and torture in Chile, despite the fact that 8,362 Chilean refugees with similar tales have been accepted since 1979. "If there is some part of his statement that they find dishonest, they should at least give him a chance to respond," Matas argues. "The present system is too harsh. The applicant doesn't get the chance to be heard and treated fairly."

Peter Carlyle-Gooder



## A Prairie order s'il vous plait

The visit ruffled only a dozen loons in Le Moule and no crowds pressed to see him as they had to see René Lévesque. But when Saskatchewan Premier Allan Blakeney turned up in Paris last week on the second leg of a round-the-world tour to sell his province, he made a decided hit.

In an hour-long parley with Prime Minister Raymond Barre, the most exalted personage he will meet during his five-week trip, Blakeney pumped his hot, about France's fast-moving nuclear energy program, in order to tie up the market for Saskatchewan uranium in the mid-1980s, and traded views on energy concerns such as oil, cattle and wheat. He also had to answer a few questions himself about post-election Canada and the Quebec referendum.

Crucial toward the crux of the Saskatchewan chief's two-day official whirl around Paris, where he also talked extensively with Industry Minister André Girard, French management council boss François Ceyras and top officials of Amok, the French consortium that is developing the huge, high-grade uranium deposit at Cliff Lake, 600 miles from Saskatoon in the northwest corner of the province. Blakeney made it clear that after the showdown in nuclear energy programs in West Germany and Sweden, his government was coveting an Franco to emerge as Saskatchewan's chief customer for uranium once Ottawa has lifted its embargo on direct uranium sales to Paris (the embargo is a consequence of France's refusal to sign the nuclear non-proliferation treaty).

Blakeney's talks with the French government—his was the third provincial premier to meet with Barre, after Bill Bennett and Lévesque—promised, he said, "in part, on arrangements under which our uranium could be moved to France and the safeguards which Ottawa is insisting upon. My view is that we're moving towards a satisfactory solution and that by the early 1980s, when we start to really need it, we'll be in business."

However, he described as "misleading" reports that almost all of the four million pounds of uranium expected to be produced annually by Amok's Cliff Lake mill would go to France after 1984. "We export West Germany and other countries to open up."

Blakeney had begun his overseas

tour, accompanied by his wife, Anne, and a six-pack of provincial officials, with an official, two-day visit to London, where he met British Agriculture, Fisheries and Food Minister Peter Walker and Labor Opposition leader James Callaghan, an old acquaintance. After attending a symposium at the European Institute and addressing the

Barre (left) and Blakeney in Paris; (right), architecture and a visit with the loons



Canada-United Kingdom Chamber of Commerce, he told a press conference that he would like to see a "staged development of uranium production, not to keep prices high but to spread out the rate of capital expenditure as an aid to overhauling the economy." In Paris it was the Franco-Canada Chamber of Commerce to which, despite a stiffing mid-August last week, the premier addressed for 15 minutes about Saskatchewan's current boom and called for fresh foreign investment.

Departing for the lavish Continental hotel in Paris, the Blakeney's were scheduled to spend a long weekend at the home of Mrs. Blakeney's sister and her husband, Margaret and Jean Barnatt, at nearby Vauxcelles. There Anne was to remain while, the plan went, her husband perched a fresh round of talks in this week in Bonn and Stockholm before rejoining him next Sunday in Moscow. In talking up grain sales with Soviet officials, "I'll be sending a bit of the wheat harvest's thunder, but not nuclear," Blakeney

confessed. But he will certainly also take a peek at the latest Soviet methods of extracting uranium—the USSR, he said, the world's largest producer, followed by Saskatchewan. After that the tour was set to cover Australia and New Zealand, where Blakeney planned to probe around agriculture, tails business and look into an aluminum-insurance scheme which might be adaptable back home in Saskatchewan.

Peter Lewis

## New Brunswick

### Then there was the one about . . .

A kangaroo is probably the last thing anybody would expect to have loomed up at him out of the Canadian night. So there was Ray Hargry, 44, a security guard at the Acadia Forest Products Ltd. mill in Miramichi, New Brunswick, quietly having his 3 a.m. lunch one night at the beginning of November when suddenly he spotted a strange animal in the mill yard. "We see all kinds of animals here—mice, woodchucks, foxes, skunks and so on," says Hargry, and at first he thought this one was a dog. But as he watched rapidly, the animal made to within a dozen feet of him, and then Hargry decided he was staring at—no

## The spy who came in from the cold

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The advertisements running recently in St. John's newspapers are considerably more up-to-date than that but it's what they're offering, nonetheless. The federal department of Fisheries has asked the private sector to increase its foreign fisheries observer program from a trickle of barebones craft trips and the recruiting drive for "fisheries spies" is under way. When Canada mounted its 230-mile fishing boat in early 1977, requiring 40 foreign trawlers to be licensed and to abide by catch quotas for each trip. Ottawa saw the need for better information on fish stocks in order to protect the fragile oil, seal and haddock. So the department began assigning "scientific observers" to sail and log aboard as many such ships as possible—sometimes 20 or 40 at a time out of St. John's alone.

After a two-day course taught by the department's marine biologists on how to

help him—a kangaroo.

Since then the kangaroos, whose estimated jumping height of three feet makes it more likely to be a smaller Australian marsupial called a wallaby, has caused quite a stir in the Miramichi River valley, and that despite the area's relative familiarity with Canada that is going on in the night. One local legend concerns the Dungeness Whopper, for instance, a shrimping operation that supposedly is the ghost of a young lumber camp cook who lived long ago. Since Hargry's sighting, at least a half dozen other people have reported seeing the kangaroo (or whatever). The excitement finally attracted Kevin Lidge, a 39-year-old Australian veterinarian in the local lodge spent five days on the Miramichi after Labor Day but saw neither hide nor hair of the animal. "In Australia," he explained, "you can sometimes get a scare along a set path that they use and realize that that way, but in this one there's a slim chance of doing it. I don't know, however, that once you come the animal will move closer to farmyards and homes looking for food."

Still, even if it is captured, the Ma-



Foreign fishing trawlers at St. John's from port and bow to starboard

Foreign fishing trawlers at St. John's from port and bow to starboard

Foreign fishing trawlers at St. John's from port and bow to starboard

Foreign fishing trawlers at St. John's from port and bow to starboard

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Foreign fishing trawlers at St. John's from port and bow to starboard



Foreign fishing trawlers at St. John's from port and bow to starboard

Foreign fishing trawlers at St. John's from port and bow to starboard



# To serve and protect and sometimes shoot to kill

By Warren Gerard

The upsurge erupted one quiet Sunday afternoon on a small street in mid-Toronto when a 28-year-old black Jamaican, investigator, Albert Johnson, was shot in his car because he was a policeman. He died 4½ hours later in hospital.

What followed was an outpouring of rage from the leaders of the 175,000-member black community about what they believe is a racially motivated harassment and ill-treatment of their people at the hands of Toronto's tough police force. And there was no letting up. More than two weeks after the killing, the issue wouldn't go away. In fact, it intensified. More than 2,000 blacks marched in protest and, almost nightly, various black groups held meetings to keep alive the "Toronto's Black" issue and to demand reforms in the force. Even Oswald Murray, chief-general for the Jamaican government in Toronto, registered his protest in a letter to Metro Toronto Police Chief Harold Adams, saying "The Jamaican community is profoundly disturbed by what seems, from accounts we have received, to have been a callous and unnecessary killing."

Johnson was shot after three police cruisers answered a call that a man was acting in "an abusive and disorderly" manner in a lineup of Manchester Avenue, a troubled street of 32 small houses occupied for the most part by Indians, Portuguese, Greeks and West Indians—immigrants, working-class people. When police tried to arrest Johnson while he drove, he can't resist and eventually to an upstairs bedroom where he armed himself with a lawn edge.

There are two versions of what happened next. The police said Johnson came back down the stairs swinging "what appeared to be an axe." Detective William Inglis, in his 20s, fired a warning shot, then he fired a second shot from three or four feet hitting Johnson in the chest. The other version

was told several times to reporters by one of Johnson's four young children, seven-year-old Gabriel. "They hit him and blood was coming down his head. He went upstairs and the cops told him to come down. They came up to tell him and told him to kneel down and when he knelt down they shot him."

It came out after the shooting that Johnson, who wore flannel hats and liked to preach in his garage, had been involved in several confrontations with police. He was facing a charge of assaulting police, although he had filed a complaint with the Ontario Human Rights Commission alleging that police had beaten him and called him "nigger" and "black bastard."

Two days after the killing, Chief Johnson died, Chief Adams, under pressure from black community leaders, decided to do what had never before been done by the Toronto force. He asked the Ontario Provincial Police to take over the investigation. They're still at it. But that move didn't stop the rift between many in the black community and some policemen, especially in the precinct known as 14 Eglinton, where Johnson died and a large number of other blacks live, was too deep.

Only a year earlier Andrew (Bud) Evans, 24, black, pushy, a loud-mouth, was shot to death by a policeman in a tavern after he hit the cop with his own belly club. A controversial inquest into the death was making headlines even as the Johnson case reached court.

Evans' shooting, and especially Johnson's, may have sparked the black anger against the police, but more at times, perhaps, is the day-by-day treatment blacks see they receive from the police. And for the blacks—unlike the Irish, Jews, Italians, Greeks, whatever the newcomers over the years were called—it doesn't seem to get any better, even though cops have learned a lot about cultural differences. That, for example, a group of Italians in a front room on a street corner doesn't constitute a riot.

Brooklyn Armstrong, an Ontario Ho-



Members of Toronto's tactical squad and black protesters, some in a garage.



Toronto's homosexual community says policemen call them names. Now the homosexuals are demanding homosexual cops. (The force won't say how many black officers it has, Brooklyn Armstrong thinks there may be 275.)

In one incident after a raid on a homosexual steam bath resulting in charges being laid against 23 men, a police officer called local school boards to give them the names of four teachers among those charged with being found in a rooming house house. Admittedly, although it wasn't his job, he had to apologize publicly for two articles in the police union's magazine. One article called homosexuals "deviants, fruits and weirdos" and another said blacks think of it as but their cops, and Jews of their Jewishness.

As the issue boiled last week, Toronto city council's legislation committee voted non-confidence in the police commission, the city's mayor, John Sewell, called the police commission "irresponsible," and Metro Chairman Paul Godfrey demanded Gerald Bennett Cardinal Center be set as an informal mediator between blacks and police to end the situation.

For his part, Ontario Attorney-General Roy McMurtry announced that the provincial government will bring in special legislation this fall creating a procedure for civilian review of complaints.

For his part, Ontario Attorney-General Roy McMurtry announced that the provincial government will bring in special legislation this fall creating a procedure for civilian review of complaints.

Adams knows he has a problem. "We'll have some members on the force [which totals about 5,500] who are 'soft' whatever they're dealing with, but that can only go so far for long. If we continue to get complaints about them, we either correct them or get rid of them. It's certainly not to our advantage to have people here who are 'soft' anybody. But on the other hand, we're not going to over-correct and have some policemen or charge him with murder when the facts have not been established."

It has been a bad year for Toronto's cops. Killings by policemen have come at a much higher rate—eight in the last 12 months, compared with just seven in the previous 4½ years. The cops and the police commission have been under assault for alleged racism, even sexism.

against police—special in that it will apply only to Toronto.

Still, the question remains: what has gone wrong? "In my view these guys who are running things cannot understand that the day of a white police force is over; that it will not work anymore in Toronto," says Clayton Ruby, a Toronto civil rights and criminal lawyer. "We had clients who are black police officers and they tell me that they hate the goddamned force, that it is racist, that there are sharks in the water, come—'swim or be eaten.' There are gay policemen as the force who I've talked to and they are deeply afraid someone will discover they're gay."

Ruby believes the only effective way to change the cops is from within. "I'm going the word to the sergeant in the desk and he can tell his men, 'Any of you guys call anybody nigger, you'll be watching cars for the next six months, or you'll be shooting traffic in the dead of winter at the Bayview.' That's what means is terror of education."

Meanwhile, last week, the Metro Toronto Police Association—the cops' union—spent \$5,000 on newspaper ads entitled "We Can't Do It Without You." The ad calls for public support by writing to newspapers, politicians, or the police. The last line reads: "We need to know because more than a few of us have died for you."





election in a speech last week to the American Association of Retired Persons he pointedly remarked: "As much as I admire you, I'm not yet tempted to put your cards at any time soon."

Carter's apparent determination to hang on kept the question why Kennedy would consider a tough campaign against an incumbent president when he could easily beat the Democratic nomination in 1964. The answer, likely, is that the essence of politics is timing and Kennedy believes the time is right.

Kennedy's staff argues as well that the senator is deeply concerned that Carter would not only lose the White House to the Republicans in 1980 but also drag a lot of good Democratic congressmen down with him.

Carter supporters center that Kennedy will succeed only in dividing the Democrats and allowing the Republicans to conquer if he runs. But, responds "Tip" O'Neill, speaker of the House of Representatives and a closet Kennedy hater: "The Democratic party is always in its best shape when it's arguing and bickering one year before the election." □

## Washington

### The storm that need not be

**T**he Soviet Union and the United States were expected to reach some form of compromise this week on the future of the 2,000 to 3,000 Soviet combat troops now stationed in Cuba. But it seems likely not to satisfy the non-bureaucratic Senate, which is threatening to reject the SALT II treaty, and it will leave the political future of President Jimmy Carter even more uncertain.

Carter is in a sorry state. Already bruised from his poor handling of the economy, he was battered once last week as he continued to struggle through the Cuban affair. By Friday the



Associated Press showed that only 19 per cent of Americans think he is doing a good job—the lowest rating given to any president since the poll began nearly 30 years ago.

At week's end Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin were still working on a solution to get Carter out of the diplomatic mire.

It has been generally speculated that there might be an official statement from the Kremlin that their troops in Cuba will not be increased in number and that their sole purpose on the island is to train Cuban soldiers. But Vance is understood to be pressing the Soviets to say, in addition, that under no circumstances will the troops train Caribbean or Central American guerrilla fighters.

It seems doubtful, however, if anything short of a partial pullout will be enough for senators such as Henry (Boop) Jackson and majority leader

Democratic spy plane labeled and Soviet tanks in Cuba: speculation about missiles

Robert C. Byrd. "The issue," says Jackson, "goes beyond the troops." And for more conservative senators, it most certainly does. They think Moscow is making the U.S. look weak and vulnerable in Latin America eyes by placing their troops on an island only 90 miles off the Florida coast and then showing that the U.S. can do nothing about it. Ironically, the problem does never have developed into the current status. The United States has known since 1967 that the Soviets had troops in Cuba. But last November Carter ordered regular Blackbird spy plane reconnaissance flights over the island, and it was later noticed that Soviet troops which had been scattered on different training missions were now bunched together in adjoining camps. The Pentagon could not figure out why, and some officials speculated that they might be gearing some new weapons system—perhaps even nuclear missiles.

More national media dismissed that last idea and no action was taken. But, as Washington sources tell it, one worried general decided to take the matter further on his own and leaked the troop movement report to a Republican presidential candidate. The candidate intended to use it as an argument against the ratification of SALT II—and got himself some welcome publicity—the November. But late last month the Carter camp discovered the leak and decided to make a pre-emptive strike. They leaked the same report to Democratic Senator Frank Church.

From that moment things got out of hand. Seeing an opportunity to look tough—something he needs badly—Carter allowed Vance to go on record with the view that "the situation is unacceptable," and senators worked themselves into a near frenzy over the supposed Soviet menace.

As the days passed it became clear that there was no evidence to support all the speculation, particularly about a new weapons system. But it was too late to stop the handwringing.

William Lowther



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Though they are both more than 40, Brigitte Bardot, 45, and Sophia Loren, 44, are still often listed among the European pageants wherever they publicly describe to an indifferently revealing degree. This summer provided a field day for watching chatterboxes in St. Tropez, where Bardot courted romance with her 13-year-old son, Nicolas Chauvier (from her second marriage to actor Jacques Charrier), and Loren launched at poolside after removing the top of her bikini in the company of a group of friends (including a plastic surgeon and a fur designer). Aside from her reacquaintance with the Canadian and her hunt, Bardot has been keeping a markedly low profile in middle age, but Loren seems quite content to continue revealing all. Last spring her memoirs, *Sophia, Loren and Loren*, were published amid much fanfare due to the revelation of a love affair between Loren and Gary Grant which began on the set of *The Pride and the Passion* in 1957. Loren ultimately married director Carlo Pont, 32 years her senior, to whom Loren admits she was drawn because of her search for a surrogate father. For those who missed the psychoanalytic scandal of it all in hard-cover, the paperback version will appear next month.

The latest star on the international religious personality scene is the *Opel* Linn, spiritual leader of an million Buddhists, who is making a two-week tour of the U.S. and captivates

Loren, incriminated by marital shortchanges

audiences wherever he goes with his laid-back charm. Two hundred Canadian Buddhists invited him in New York and, though a Canadian tour was cancelled, his business says he will visit Canada next year. At 44, he claims he feels "part of the younger generation" and, as he tris around the U.S. in his purple and gold robes, he plans to spend some time getting acquainted with young people. Though the "wink-flicking guru" has refused to discuss the political overtones of his trip, his press kit includes a pamphlet titled *The Independent State of Tibet*, and the Chinese are reportedly interested in having him visit his 29-year wife in India and return to mountainous Lham where 13 Dalai Lamas before him have held court. "Anger, hatred, jealousy—it is not possible to find peace with them. Through compassion, through love, it is possible to become a true human family," says the spiritual leader whose name means "beam of wisdom." "Through love we can solve many problems. We can have true happiness, real disarmament." Is the U.S. next month, it's Papa John Paul it's turn to be disarming.

In real life, biopic man Lee Majors can be repaired by an electrician, but in ringside life Majors is as vulnerable to the slaps and stuns of martial contention as any other 44-year-old man. With his own salvation in mind, the brassy actor has been taking a few driving lessons recently to prepare for his role in *The Last Chase*, a futuristic thriller in which he plays a renegade racing-car driver who rebels against a society that



Majors, not a biopic racing-car driver

bars all automobiles because of a fuel crisis. Majors claims the racing bug has not affected him as totally as it has Paul Newman and Steve McQueen, but he has been tempted into participating in a couple of races to get his feet wet before taking on the Mosport Park track in Ontario next month. While he confesses that high-speed stunts are not his "bag," Majors has picked up some racing savvy even though he has failed to finish in the top 14 in any of his races. "The first thing you learn about competitive racing is that whenever you lose, you blame it on the car."

When Morris passed away last year he left a hard spot to fill in cat-lovers' hearts, not to mention cat-food makers' coffers. That's a slot-eyed Burmese temple puss named *Mittens the Kitten* may ease the mourning. An accomplished actor, 14-pound Mittens has appeared on TV's *Fantasy Island* and *Barbette* and did a cameo role in *Murder Movie* with George C. Scott. With production companies willing to insure him for \$25,000 a day, Mittens will probably never have to ch-ch-ch for his show and he even has his own Hollywood vet on 24-hour call. Animal trainer Karl Mitchell says the feline Ben's "favorite animal" is his dog-eared Ziggy Starburst. But Mittens likes people too. Fifteen-

year-old *Lucas Donatelli* (Rumors, *Stone Cold Dead*), who is working with "The Mice" on a Canadian horror flick called *Cries in the Night*, was so smitten by the four-legged star's charms that she is sharing her dressing-room trailer with him. Though Mittens plays a heavy in the film, his professional skills and bones turn in paws and claws as soon as Director William Fruet yells "Cut." Next, Mittens hopes to become a poster cat and trainer Mitchell is teaching him to drive a car. "The only screaming problem," says Mitchell, "is explaining to him that he can't get a license."

Wide-eyed actor Malcolm McDowell had never met soft-spoken actress Mary Steenburgen before the two were paired in the N.G. Write-mock-Jack like *Paper* historical fantasy *Time After Time*. However, during that living they developed a mutual admiration society. "He's a great actor," smiles Steenburgen, and she is "undoubtedly the best actress I've worked with," coos McDowell. Now all but inseparable, they plan to work as a team in "as-plutocratic comedies." To prepare for the future, McDowell says, they have screened the 1952 *Katharine Hepburn* and *Spencer Tracy* classic *Pet and Mike* at least 50 times. "It's a little hard to find Arkansas Liverpool combinations, but we're going to give it a go," says Steenburgen, 34, who was raised in North Little Rock and worked as a New York waitress until her film debut in Jack Nicholson's 1975 indulgence, *Goon*.

Mittens and Donatelli smile with horror



McDowell, Steenburgen a lucky couple

South McDowell also admits that their efforts as a duo will be "a bit weird," but neither of them would have it any other way. "We like to work together and he's great fun, so why deprive ourselves of that?" says Steenburgen, who figures that anything she does with McDowell will be successful because if the pe-

formance doesn't grab you "the accents will."

It's enough to make the *Witness People* jump up for ballroom dancing lessons at the tropy-tropy disco world saloon. 33-year-old *Kristen McMenis* is as rinky-dinky rakin' the hold and bawdy heroine of mountain Broadway musicals has set some of her "top tunes" to a thumping disco beat which she hopes will provide her with a younger audience, as well as giving older folk a chance to boogie along. They grew up with, such as *Alexander's Routine Band* and *I Got Rhythm*. McMenis admits that does in "the other side of the railroad tracks" to her and she hadn't even heard of *Boyz n the Bows* until the disco diva was introduced to her, but she's hopeful about her disco future and has dissolved her old standby *They Say It's Wonderful* in case a sequel album is demanded. In Hamilton, Ontario, recently, the septuagenarian took a tumble while filming a segment of *Jack Jones's 99* variety show *The Palace Presents*, but trouper McMenis was sent back on her feet and raring to go, saying, after almost 50 years of song and dance, "Either you've got it or you ain't."

Edited by Barbara Baulton



McMenis, McMenis

# 'If there's anything sillier than seeing a pitcher hit, it's watching a manager think'

By Trent Flayke

Rusty Staub, one of the most celebrated non-playing athletes in all of Montreal, has returned to the scene of what you might call his abbreviated immortality—but if you blink you'll miss him. Rusty is a guy who helped make hockey popular and epic—the way Jerry Park, the first home of the Expos. That was back in 1969, 1970 and 1971, a brief and astonishing time when he was Le Grand Orange and the Expos were new and lovable and awful. For reasons to cry over, Staub's mind, the Expos needed Staub away to the New York Mets in 1972 and from there he drifted to the Detroit Tigers three years later, growing in stature as a half-player and particularly as a designated hitter but hardly the figure of fun and fable he had become in the Jerry rubhouse.

Suddenly, this summer, with the Expos acceptable at last in their 11th season in the National League, their president, John McHale, reached across into the American League and plucked Staub's contract from the Tigers, putting the elderly gentleman of 55 years and four months back into Expo double duty. It was a coup. A couple hours of 50 minutes turned up at the Big One, Olympic Stadium, the world's most expensive ball park, on July 27.

Rusty is not as much as he used to be, and has walked from four years as a designated hitter over three as Tiger Stadium. Accordingly, he is not fast enough to displace the young outfielders on the Expos, a terrible trio, and he has had none of the experience at first base to make him a threat to the veteran catchers, Tony Perez. So he has been pinch hitting and spelling off Perez occasionally in the two months since his return to Montreal. Through no fault of his own, Le Grand Orange has turned into Le Petit Tangere.

That is because the National League's owners refuse to acknowledge that the designated-hitter rule is here to stay. Since it represents progress, they regard it with unrelenting hostility. The designated-hitter rule, introduced by the American League as an experiment

in 1973 and adopted permanently three seasons later, is the one that allows pitchers to sit around with their feet up when they aren't out there on the mound. Replacing them in the batting order are maverick guys whose function is not to run or catch or throw but simply to sit and spit until it's time to go up and bat for the pitcher.

The DH should have been part of baseball generations ago because there is no funnier sight in all the world than a pitcher with a bat in his hands. A pitcher would look more comfortable



holding a hungry cobra. The world is filled with very tired, very thin, very fragile and really old, old women who are more interested in picking up a bat than most pitchers.

Nevertheless, it took the American League 75 of its 79 years finally to come around to adopting the solution to the ludicrous practice of allowing a pitcher to wave a bat at a pitching baseball. The National League, which is doddering around in its 104th season, looks upon this solution with suspicion and is not expected to adopt it until 1993 or maybe 2006. So what happens now is that the DH rule is implemented in alternating years during the World Series—and 1979 is not one of those years.

The NL is the only one in organized baseball that compels pitchers to make fools of themselves in public. All the major leagues have adopted the DH rule and it's employed in Japan, where baseball is hugely popular. Even college, high-school and Little League sizes recognize the futility of permitting pitchers to eye the bat

each with intent to molest.

The figures bear it all out. In 1972, the year before the NL introduced the DH, pitchers hit a total of 20 home runs, hit out 220 runs, and amassed a collective average of 146. The following year, with pitchers sitting down where they belonged, the stats propelled 267 homers, knocked in 3,256 runs and had an average of 257, representing an improvement of 111 points in batting average, 267 homers and 536 RBIs.

These days, the NLs are doing even better. After 265 games, they were hitting 261, had 258 homers and 3,119 runs batted in, all infinitely more eye-opening for the fans than the image of pitchers up there swinging the old growers beating carpets.

Nineteenth-century National Leaguers argue that the DH rule detracts from the game's strategy, reasoning managerial decisions as when to employ pinch hitters or whether to let a pitcher bat for himself. There is some validity to that, and in the NL, fans do still have the opportunity to observe man-

agers making these massive decisions. There's another school, however, contending that if there's anything sillier than seeing a pitcher hit, it's watching a manager think. Next month, during fans will be exposed to both and, if the Expos make it to the World Series, look out. After 143 games, the marauding predators on their playing staff had accumulated exactly two home runs and a total of 36 runs batted in.

Some of the men born gave pause. Relief pitcher Stan Robinson owned a .663 average with one solitary bat all season. But that one was a homer. Rookie right-hander David Palmer was underminding the rival pitchers at .008 with 35 swings in 35 visits to the plate. The best hitter in the regular rotation was the re-fueling left-hander Bill Lee, a guy who has gone out there to pinch wearing, at various times, a gut stack, a Perry Crockett hat and a bouton with a pop-peller on top. He hit a shoveling guy with a bat, one, 13 for 45 and a 300 average. Rusty Staub would mean more than that.



*Trust Allred. We make all the right moves.*

# Making shots in the dark

By Hal Quinn

Geoff isn't to be feared, it once only being learned—Ben Haggen

Years ago, when golf golf balls cost a buck, greens fees were single-digit and George Knudson was a regular on the PGA tour, the bespectacled student of the game became interested in blind golfers. Knudson wondered if he, one of the greatest practitioners of the golf swing that the game has ever known, could hit the ball blindfolded. At first he could, but after eight days he could. Knudson learned a lesson then that he shares now.

As far back as he can remember, George Knudson wanted to be a golfer. As a youngster in Wisconsin he practiced with an intensity that sometimes left his hands so raw he could feel rope. ("Throughout my career, I'd rather practice than play.") Lacking the physique of a natural long-ball hitter, Knudson became a technician. "From the beginning, I thought of my body as a machine, studying the moving parts, analyzing what each should do to make the perfect golf swing." While on the PGA tour (eight victories, \$207,271 earned) fellow golfers would point to mark the Knudson swing. For all the years, all the thousands of shots on practice tees and real ones, the perfect swing came once: "It was in Tokyo in 1968, a five-iron shot that I wanted to move from right to left, with the wrist swinging left to right. When I put the swing of it, I knew it was perfect. It felt something that I had worked towards all my life. My whole body felt like it was going to explode.

"That was the ball hit. I've hit one perfect shot in my life, and that's the one that was me."

It was that search for perfection that brought Knudson to the tee a decade ago wearing a blindfold. The experience gave him the key to the golf swing and the final point of a revolutionary approach to teaching golf which Knudson introduced this summer. The golf swing is one of the most elusive and explanatory things in all of sport, something that



Knudson is certain one perfect golf swing in 1968, one more than most make.

unites the average player for moments, sometimes hours, only to depart, unaccounted. Knudson found the key with his eyes closed. "It's balance. If you're a little off, swinging with your eyes closed, you can toggle over, eyes open, you won't hit the shot."

Knudson opened his golf school at the National Golf Club near Woodbridge, Ontario, site of the recent PGA championship. ("I had to find something to

replace tournament golf.") Knudson's clinic is five consecutive days of intensive instruction—for an \$800 fee. The students come from across the country—airplane mechanics, businessmen, retired people, club professionals, downhill skiers, acrobats ("You can tell the acrobats. They want to control everything.") To a man (and two women) the National was a bastion of male chauvinism, they expected but did not hear the traditional "right elbow in," "adjust your grip," "keep your head down." ("That's the stupidest thing you'll ever hear. If you keep your head down on a golf swing, you'd break your neck.") Instead they met Knudson, cigarette in hand, sunglasses on, out in the "field," as he calls the practice tee, who told them to close their eyes. "Some of them fell right back in these fancies." They were told about balance, that their alignment creates the flight path of the ball; that their posture is the key to consistency, that they must visualize the target. ("When I'm looking at the ball and can't still see the target in my mind then I'm going to miss it.") One would amaze himself by hitting a ball cleanly, putting it straight down the middle, from an awful lie in a hole—with his eyes closed—only to miss with his eyes open. ("The golf ball is a very intimidating thing.") The master of the swing was changing their minds about golf.

"It's really strange, but 100 per cent of practice can be done without a ball. Anything in golf can be worked on in a dark room." After hours of practice and digesting the mental aspect of the game, the students and mentor approached the first tee on Wednesday afternoon. ("The brain damage was irreparable. Most of the time I'd have to hand them right back to the field—the pro golfers too.")

Over his speckled and often sparkling career on the tour (three winning consecutive tournaments), Knudson played with the finest players in the game—Haggen, Demaret, Burke, Venturi, Nelson—studying them, incorporating aspects of their swings into his. ("The knowledge I've gained in my lifetime, I try to give them in a week.") Yet all teachers, students and pros know how hard the swing can be. ("Nine days the clubs took left-handed.") A number of this year's students say they're coming back next year, hoping to make it past the first tee on Wednesday.

"All I can do is put them in a position where they can do something and say, 'Yes, now you can do it.' I don't know anything about desire." That's something that can't be taught, something Knudson learned long ago. ☐

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## Show Business

# Glitter of the screen scene

**F**ew people at film festivals always look as though they are about to do something, when they speak, they suggest they are about to say something other than what they have already said. They're on the verge of one thing or another. What places them there on the verge of things is their enthusiasm; they are forever ready to go to yet another film, or party, until they are given access to the galleys. At Toronto's Festival of Festivals, which finished its fourth year last week, there was always something happening, or about to happen. It, too, is on the verge—in the case of the festival, of defining itself.

More than 150 films were screened during the run of the festival, from which only the victims of atrociously gruesome childhoods could emerge not having liked anything at all. The competition was smoother than last year's, if not downright elegiac, the publicity unfading, the attendance a brisk 100,000, and the parties, of course, fab. Well, maybe not that fab: no births, divorces, suicides or murders were reported. But everything did converge on the best of both worlds—Art and a Good Time.

Despite the embarrassment of riches it has been capable of offering after a small stretch of four seasons, the festival hasn't quite made up its mind as to what it wants to be. No whooping and fondling takes place as it does in Cannes and at Las Vegas' Piffers, except in the privacy of hotel rooms. There are no parties, as in Montreal and most European festivals, which is just as well. And it's not quite the class act that the New York Film

Festival is. The problem—and it's a small one—is programming.

Why open with Claude Lelouch's wacky *A Nose Dear* and then play Roger Werner Fassbinder's magnificent *The Marriage of Maria Braun* (which is closing the New York festival) on a Sunday night? Presumably because *A Nose Dear* is a Canada-France co-production. Actually, another reason for opening with the Lelouch was that Toronto and Montreal are engaged in a childish rivalry: Toronto got the film, Montreal didn't, and Toronto, therefore, played it big.

For a similar reason, which could be traced to the negro-oriental syndrome, Norman Jewison's *And Justice for All* was chosen as the closer. Jewison is Canadian; that he hasn't worked here for many years is no matter. *First Boy*, Ira Wink's moving and brilliant documen-

*First Boy's* hero Philby, director Wink is keen to whip up one or two "events"



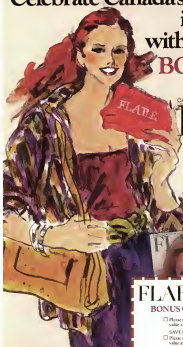
tary about his middle-aged retarded cousin and his family, became the unqualified hit of the festival, requiring two hours screenings. But it wasn't given a gala showing. Standard shows first, such as *A Man, a Woman and a Bank*, *Time After Time* and *The Quare Field*, was. What's lacking is a sense of occasion, and the kind of programming that could whip up a few "events."

Another problem is a welcome one: so many films were shown consecutively that it was impossible to see everything. What were the highlights besides *Maria Braun* and *First Boy*? There was Werner Herzog's hypnotic *Naginata*, Ken Loach's drab and charming *Black Jack*, Dick Bartlett's maily shown and highly eccentric *Roby*, and (the unintentional anguish of Fassbinder's *In a Year with 12 Moons* (Perhaps next year in the repeat time for either a Fassbinder or a Herzog retrospective).

A festival, however, is a place for all kinds of movies, and it should cater to all tastes. The Swedish series was of middling quality, the screens of the Margaret Davies retrospective depended greatly on taste, and the best and about Canadian showings—*Summer's Children*, *Push House*, *Blue Winter*—the better Robin Wood's *American Nightmares* horror series was, like the festival in general, a ho-hum success, as were John Rait's documentary series, critic Roger Ebert's *Barred Tressons* and David Greber's *Crozier's Choice*. It was a shame that Alfred Sole's *Alone*, *Second Alone* didn't show up in the horror series, and that drook such as *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and *It's Alive: Parts I and II* did, but they probably fitted snugly into Wood's (half-confused) feminist-guy-Marxist perspective.

All told, the Festival of Festivals has proven with amazing alacrity that it's an international and artistic success, and that it's on the verge of getting even better. Good people for a nation of snugglers. Lawrence O'Toole

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# Crying all the way to the bank

By Anthony Whittingham

**I**n a week of stern words and firm action from the nation's economic mandarins, Canada groaned and tightened its economic belt yet another notch as federal authorities continued to bear down on inflation and balance-of-payments deficits in the face of mounting political opposition to the tightest monetary policy the country has had in this century. Last week's half-point increase in the central bank rate to a recent high of 12.25 per cent, triggered once again by a corresponding rise in the U.S. rate, has sent overnight bank prime rates soaring to 13 per cent and mortgage rates to a new high of 32.75 per cent, prompting Finance Minister John Crosbie to dub himself "Mr. Tough Guy" and to warn Canadians that it will be at least two years before there will be any substantial improvement in the nation's economy. Repeating the central bank's desire to raise interest rates for the second time that summer and the sixth time in 21 months, Bank of Canada Governor Gerald K. Booy told *Maclean's*: "Our domestic situation is a unique problem which has now caught up with our external worries. We're not just lock-step with the Americans but, rather, are now confronted with much the same situation as they are—chiefly inflation and balance-of-payments problems." Booy noted that while the last bank rate increase in July was made necessary largely by external pressures and the need to prop up the dollar, the latest increase was brought about more through internal pressures, including higher wage settlements and increased loan demand. "I would say that even if the U.S. had not raised its own rate the week before, we would have been looking at another bank rate increase in Canada anyway," he added.

Rather way, it's clear that both Booy and his U.S. counterpart, Paul Volcker, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board in Washington, are determined to see the economy on a path of currency in-



flation and tight money—a sure way of slowing economic growth and dampening inflation. Adds Booy: "If we had enough strong reasons for money to flow into Canada—such as more generous export of oil and gas discoveries—we wouldn't need to keep our interest rates higher."

That may be small comfort for Canadian borrowers, for whom costs are now soaring. Rising mortgage rates are a problem for the building and construction industries, in particular, as expensive financing over the effect of the new rates on potential home-buyers, with the new mortgage rate adding more than \$300 to the annual cost of a conventional five-year, \$40,000 mortgage. On the other hand, the interest rate increase provides a boost to bank depositors and holders of other financial notes—notably Canada Savings Bond holders, who will now receive returns of 20.25 per cent. That increase was forced on the government to prevent holders from withdrawing to cash them in—a potential disaster, says Booy, since "the government doesn't have enough money to pay them all off at once."

The only likely short-term beneficiaries of the new interest rates are, predictably, the chartered banks, whose profits during the first half of the year suffered because of low "upside" between the rate at which they borrow

money—particularly short-term—and the rate at which they lend it out again. The new rates also nearly reverse the normal relationship between the relative cost of long- and short-term money,

with long-term money (such as mortgages) becoming more expensive, though still not as high as the prime rate (that it is still cheaper to borrow money to buy a house than to finance industrial expansion, considered by many a ludicrous inversion of reality). Of the banks most likely to benefit from the rise, the leader in the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, says John Byrne of International Securities in Winnipeg, since it has the largest portfolio of interest-sensitive loans of the major banks. CIBC may also need it most. Of the Big Five, its recent nine-month income statement showed it lagging far behind. Not as far behind, however, as breakdown concerns running to keep up with higher cost loans. ☐

and 50 of those offspring are attending Canadian universities with tuition fees paid this year by BIRKS.

But, lying under the almost old-fashioned hermit to the business is a tough negotiation with nearly 25 per cent of the retail jewelry business in Canada. BIRKS' volume is at least one-third greater than its nearest competitor, Peoples Jewellers, and this year the company expects sales of \$145 million. Within five years, says Drummond BIRKS, the company expects sales of \$250 million and plans to open some 80 new stores to add to the 36 now in operation from coast to coast.

More significantly, says BIRKS, the company is poised to move into the U.S. "If we're not in the American market within the next year," he says, "I guess I'll have to resign." While BIRKS may be an exciting U.S. company, he won't leave for the right one. "Our customers can only last so long. We can't wait around for the 1990s."

It was this kind of "importance" that prompted BIRKS to enter the shopping centre market as far back as 1958 when Clinton Lord, last week set up family enterprises in the late '60s, to acquire the smaller Doucet and O.E. Allan jewelry chains to match other high-end consumers, and continue to manufacture 85 per cent of its own jewelry and sterling of over New the fourth-

largest jewelry company in the world, BIRKS once turned down the opportunity to buy New York's famous Tiffany's.

For Drummond, grand-grandson of the founder, BIRKS is the future is made secure because all three of his own sons are also active. Jonathan, 33, is regional manager in Montreal, Tom is senior merchandise and BIRKS, 30, is vice-president in the U.S. and also named. "We'll succeed as president" Replies Drummond, with an even hand. "In a family business, BIRKS don't matter much." With 30 per cent of the company's shares held by 350 employees, the rest by the BIRKS family, titles may not matter, but the name does.

Anthony Whittingham

*The top three U.S. firms are BIRKS Corp., Stern Corp., and Gordon Jewellers.*

## Creditors buck Rogers

**T**he officials, who accused the company to decide the fate of Abacus Clothing Ltd., last week set up shop at BIRKS' Max Bell Arena at the sobering hour of 7:30 a.m. Two hours later, they were still processing the seemingly endless queue of creditors lined up back into the parking lot. Those inside the 2,500-seat arena, in three-pastry many of them businessmen in dark-pastry suits—were laboring into voting sections, color-coded to their status, depending on whether they were contractors and material suppliers, or vendors, or suppliers of services, or creditors. In Abacus real estate projects in order to supply partial development costs against their income for tax purposes (October 5, May 30, 1979).

They had come to decide whether to put the company into bankruptcy or to salvage it through a reorganization proposed by Rex and Bill Rogers—the who-who brothers who had built Abacus into a symbol of the dramatic clout and ingenuity of the New West. With Abacus many were losing \$500 million, its bankruptcy would have some serious only by the Shabam refinery's collapse in Newfoundland, and though Shabam's facilities were bigger, the sheer numbers of Abacus creditors—an estimated \$350-million from Canada.

The client developers had been expected to press for bankruptcy, a move clearly favored by trustee Theobald Rodd Ltd., which listed Abacus' troubles as its management. But on the floor of the arena, the well-heeled client developers instead cited harassment by the means to the department for the crumbling of their two-hour treatment. The feeling among some seemed to be that the Rogers brothers might

## Silver spoons among the gold

**W**hen Thomas BIRKS married his Canadian wife in England 10 years ago, his great-grandson, Sir William McKie, retired argonaut and character of Westminster Abbey, naturally seemed to play the organ. At the couple emerged from the church, a passing motorist—an American motorist from the Philadelphia Orchestra—approached Tom to ask the organist's name. "We were driving by with the sun and windows open, and heard the band of a motorist," he said. "We just had to stop." For Thomas, now 33, and the great-grandson of Henry BIRKS, founder of Henry BIRKS & Son's Ltd., that kind of attention to restrained dress is an everyday event.

Even the BIRKS family, however, knows that a motorist is something to shout about and share around. So on Sept. 30 in Toronto, BIRKS started its 100th anniversary with a lavish \$500-a-ticket ball. But it was not all of the Canadian Opera Association. Says Drummond BIRKS who, at 60, is the president of the company and the senior family member connected with the firm. "Most of our celebrations this year are going privately within the company family." By year's end, those private celebrations will have amounted to BIRKS staff parties in more than 30 Canadian cities. Every new employee joining the firm during the company's centennial year receives a silver-plated BIRKS ring, producers of every employee will be given an embossed BIRKS T-shirt—



BIRKS: The Point of a master was heard



Athens' credit crunch: weary rainmakers

put paid Athens out of the five. At 10:20 p.m., the weary remnants of the creditors' army heard the final verdict: the reorganizational proposal goes forward with the Rogers as majority shareholder, but with the brothers eliminated from the new management. What the creditors have taken on amounts to is the Athens portfolio of about 48 construction projects in various stages of completion, all with good assets and a number of company-owned, income-producing properties thrown across the west.

Gene, however, is the dynamic development duo which launched Athens in 1970 and made it the go-to stock of Western Canada's 35-for-one share split in one year. It's not the first setback for the Rogers—another of their empires collapsed before Athens. And it may not be the last. The parting shot from Thomas Huddell, in its recommendations against keeping the business going, was that bankruptcy would eventually cover anyone "whether or not the [reorganizational] proposal is approved by creditors." **STANISLAS ZIMMERMAN**

## Cloudy with sunny intervals

**S**un Life Assurance Company of Canada must be wondering whether the move was worth it. With the recent departure of its head office from Montreal to Toronto, 18 years ago only now beginning to fade into memory, Canada's largest insurance company finds itself embroiled in controversy once again—this time in Toronto, the supposedly "stable" city where opening a head office is normally as easy as sitting up a booth at a fair market. Not so far Sun Life, whose plans for a gleaming new office tower bearing its name in the heart of Toronto's financial district now seem to have ground to a halt, forcing the company once again, unwillingly, into the same bad odor of poor public relations that earlier caused it so much grief in Montreal.

The new problem arises from the

breakdown of its agreement with Olympia & York Developments Ltd to become a partner in a 25-story office building adjacent to O&Y's First Canadian Place—the huge office tower, Canada's tallest, housing the Ontario offices of the Bank of Montreal. The real dispute lies between the developer and the bank. The bank, though it has no financial interest in the second tower, is trying to prevent O&Y, or Sun Life, from leasing ground-floor space in any other bank. With construction halted until that dispute is settled, Sun Life is now claiming its agreement with O&Y is "nullified," adding that while the company "hopes the developer will return

with another satisfactory proposal" it is also "shopping around for other potential head-office locations."

All of which, of course, has touched off a flurry of rumors linking Sun Life to a number of downtown Toronto land parcels. One story, which Sun Life now admits is true, involves purchase of the Highland site (reportedly for \$5.3 million), a vacant six-story office at the corner of University Avenue and Adelaide Street. Another concerns the 890-room Lord Simcoe hotel, recently sold to an undisclosed purchaser for \$317 per square foot, a record price in Toronto's financial district—to which Sun Life will say only "no comment." The point is that Sun Life simply refuses to admit what its plans are—not altogether unusual in the dry world of real estate transactions, but unfortunate in light of the company's already tattered image as an insurance lout to commensurate its corporate mind.

Meanwhile, back in Quebec, where there's last ground—and many—to be made up, Sun Life is running a somewhat different tune. Stung by the loss of more than one-quarter of its active paid Quebec underwriting business following its unpopular head-office abandonment of Montreal, Sun Life has launched a \$250,000 advertising campaign aimed at wooing back francophone customers. This month, colorful illuminated billboards across the province are trying to convince Quebecers that the Sun also rises, glowing with the slogan, "Some winters is now is our year most favourable" (We're here for life, we assure it). It's a clever ploy, and before the billboards arrived, the ads appeared in newspapers and rang the ears in radio advertising throughout the province, set to a soft-rock backdrop. If Sun Life still has yet to learn how to master corporate relations in Toronto, it seems to have learned its lesson the hard way in Quebec. There, its ads seem to have just the right touch of nationalism, giving prominent display to the special logo of its newly organized, popular, Quebec division—and even diplomatically including Newfoundland-owned Labrador as its map as part of Quebec.

Larry Black/Anthony Whittingham



Sun Life office. South at a fast march

# Bolshoi. Because purity is everything in a vodka.

Your first taste of Bolshoi Vodka should tell you there's something very special about it. An exceptional smoothness. And freshness. Bolshoi. Because purity makes all the difference.



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swallows  
his pride...



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The largest  
selling whisky  
in Scotland.

## Theatre New wheat crossbred from history and farce



PAPER WHEAT  
Directed by Guy Spring

**A** Promise collage of traditional character, song, mime, dance and screen juggling, *Paper Wheat* premiered in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, in March, 1977, played an extensive tour in that province, and travelled east to Toronto and Montreal that fall. But once was not enough to satisfy the craving for this particular combination of Prairie history and art. The current national tour begins in Alberta in June, and before it ends in mid-December *Paper Wheat* will have played in British Columbia and again in southern Ontario and Quebec. To complete the success story, the play has been the subject of an hour-long documentary for the National Film Board series, *Challenge for Change*.

The title sounds like the slogan for a political campaign, not an oblique allusion as one might imagine. *Paper Wheat* has played for an NTC convention, has had touring aid from the Saskatchewan and Alberta Wheat Pools, and is unmistakably political in its mission and method. One of its major characters is S.A. Partridge, the organizer behind the Territorial Grain Growers' Association. His byword, "Where there is no union, the people perish," is the message of the play, but this message is *delivered* in a series of vignettes that are as simple and direct as the satisfaction we were told came

From left, Francis, Mykytyuk, Babiker, Lajoie, Lyma Hostain (not touring), in the original production. Red River Cereal

from selling Red River Cereal. *Paper Wheat* succeeds because it has a strategy: the audience must enjoy itself before it accepts any political message. That enjoyment has been a long time in the making. More than a dozen people contributed to the play, including Andrew Talon and his 25th Street House Theatre of Saskatoon, who conceived the play and scripted its first version. In an attempt to achieve authenticity, Talon and six actors portrayed homesteaders throughout the Prairie provinces. Their research became *Paper Wheat*. In the latest version, staged by Guy Spring, characters have been re-created or abandoned to accommodate the talents and permission of the cast—Sharon Bakker, David Francis, Peter Menne, Lubomir Mykytyuk, Shai Lajoie, and Bill Prokopyuk. The message of practical humanism that emerges from the play stems as much from this process of collective creation as it does from any political intention.

The play has two acts, one of which uses invention, the other history, to tell the story of western settlement and the formation of a grain growers' co-operative. It is an inventive play in this respect. Situations in the first act display the humanity of the characters: a Lai-

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view woman describes the myriad details of a new Prince town, a beautiful farm and a new marriage to his housekeeper, an English and a Ukrainian immigrant work out a delicately balanced system of co-operation. This first act is not so much a historical record of settlement as its poetic approximation. In a scene called "Squeezing the Land," the English farmer (Francis) and his Canadian wife (Baker) describe their experience by manipulating a single grey blanket, placed on a tablecloth lifted toward the audience. In a good year the blanket is neatly folded and carried to

market; in a bad year the blanket abut but edge through the couple's fingers. When rain finally follows drought, the couple left the blanket above them and it billows out like a great grey sail and in a gentle wind it is art deftly turned to manage. The simple visual narrative becomes a lesson in summer following and crop rotation. What emerges is not only an image of the notorious Prairie farmer, but also of the moral man who recognizes the need for responsible and unselfishness. It's as if you entered W.D. Mitchell with J.E. Woodworth, and the effect is artistic politics.



Prokofiev's small parts of musical dust

## Bob Clark got back in the swing of things because arthritis research is paying off.



Bob Clark enjoys playing golf. Although pain was a little worse to begin, he would never quit again.

Until a few years ago, Bob suffered through recurring attacks of gout, an equally painful form of arthritis that can make the slightest movement sharp agony. Fortunately, Bob was one of the first Canadians to benefit from the medical research that has made it possible to control gout and its terrifying pain.

"I have a great deal of arthritis research," says Bob, "without paper burnout! I would not be incoherently incoherent. As it is, the effects of my condition are not only relieved, but I can lead a full and active life."

About the only time I mention gout these days is when my golf game is off and I need a good excuse.

Bob Clark is a devoted supporter of the Arthritis Society. "I thank my doctors when I could do it, thank them for getting me back on my feet and let me lead the life I want."

"I really appreciate my services to the Society's provincial organization and have been for a long time now a member of its National Executive. But, adds that his involvement with the Society has been a source of great satisfaction.

For Bob Clark and thousands of other Canadians, arthritis research is paying off. About one in every eight Canadians has some form of arthritis, and arthritis is coming when you reach your 50th birthday. Your support for the Arthritis Society will be used to fund vital medical research.

For more information about arthritis write or call your local Arthritis Society.

THE  
ARTHRITIS  
SOCIETY



Give  
more than  
a thought to  
arthritis.

If Act I of *Paper Moon* is the farmer's diary, Act II is his outlook. The cast of characters—including E.A. Partridge and Louise Lucas—become historical figures, not invented personae. More artistic than wit, Act II contains every theatrical gambit, a schizophrenic tap dance, an ingenious juggling act and a neurological phenomenon all illustrate the merits of organized co-operation. *Paper Moon* searches for a balance between history and myth, between what we are and what we wanted to be. In the last scene the actors return to scenes, to the measures of the homesteaders and farmers they interviewed in researching the play. As an old couple (Baker and Mykytiuk) reminiscence, their vacant and stammered dialogue respectfully turns into a poignant elegy, a lament for a lost way of life and the vision that shaped it. By the end of the scene you have a lamp in your throat the size of a Prince and, all the emotions of the play caught in a statement as flat and as elegant as a Prince landscape: "I'd give it all to be young again and feel that I could change the world."

The play is over when Bill Prokofiev steps forward into the spotlight. He tells us he farmed for over 40 years and that now he's a fiddler. He plays a waltz, one of his own compositions. The room from his strings rises into the light in small puffs of musical dust. "Life becomes," someone says. Art and the Prince. Myth and history. *Paper Moon* is on the road. Robert Enright

## Science

# Satellite patrol: bettering the odds for survival



SARAT

SARAT (above) and its potential uses from the sky: the promise of a fast rescue.

Soon after the explosion, skipper Doug Larden and his five-man crew were being hit near their rubber dingy and muzzling prayers. Only three days earlier, spirits buoyed, they had pointed their fishing vessel, Mother III, toward herring shoals off the coast of Vancouver Island. Then the explosion, a fire—and their boat was transformed into a blazing inferno. They drifted. Rescue crews were without time. The fishermen were prisoners of the Pacific.

Today, Larden's mishap is a year-old memory. Later that third day an Angus aircraft spotted his emergency flare and soon the survivors were searching for a helicopter's safety. But Ottawa's search and rescue team still use the story in telling of the frustrations of trying to track down missing ships and aircraft. Often, they say, it can take days, even weeks, of futile flying before survivors of air and marine accidents are found, and by then it may be too late.

In 1978—the same year that Larden was lost at sea—some 1,000 other Canadians were wanted for rescue. Of those, 181 died and 84 were never found. "Currently, there's an element of potluck involved," explains Lieutenant-Colonel John Duerder, senior head of the department of national defence search and rescue operations.

It was with great expectations, therefore, that Canadian officials last month signed an agreement with France and the United States for a five-year, \$15-million experimental satellite system. Called SARAT, it has the potential to alert authorities within three hours of an air or sea accident, and narrow the

search to within 15 miles. Predicta Major Stan Robbley, search and rescue's assistant section head. "It will be just like the invention of the wheel, it should make a tremendous difference."

Hardware for SARAT is being built now at Space Aerospace Ltd. St. Asude, Beloeux, and it is to be installed in three modified weather satellites. The first of these postage-shaped spacecraft is expected to lift off from California's Western Test Range in 1982. Once in orbit, satellite antennas will pick up radio distress signals around the world and relay them to earth, where sophisticated computers will be able to roam as quickly as the accident site. Search chances for survival after a crash are best within eight hours. SARAT's mandate is optimistic: that this space-age technology will rescue

some 800 people a year. No projections are available for Canada, but statistics from NASA indicate that in the U.S. the search and rescue activities could save 90 lives annually and \$9 million in search costs. In Ottawa, John Hume, the defence department's chief maritime officer, says: "When you think about it, with SARAT we'll be doing very little actual searching." Eventually, if the experiment goes ahead according to plan, SARAT will be implemented worldwide by 1985. Several other countries—the Soviet Union, Norway, Japan and Australia—have indicated interest in getting involved.

By the time the public benefits from SARAT, there likely will be more improvements to the system. The ELT (emergency locator transmitter), a walkie-talkie-shaped box on aircraft that sends distress signals, is being redesigned to make the signals clearer. Then satellites will be able to narrow the search to between 1.5 to three miles. The ELT also will be able to send coded messages, such as VESSEL ON FIRE or LAST BUDDEN, to the satellite.

Like all advances in science, however, human error is sure to make SARAT less than perfect. There's no guarantee that all private pilots and skippers will carry ELTs, so should their craft become lost, SARAT will be rendered useless. Today, many private pilots, overly conscious of avoiding danger, don't use ELTs (though their use is mandated, since signals can only be picked up near the accident). Many don't fit flight glass outside their route. So even with SARAT, accidents will continue to happen as in the case of Calvin Gustin, the private pilot who boarded an eight aircraft aircraft two years ago and crashed somewhere in the Northern Ontario bush. (He did not carry an ELT or fit a flight glass.) The search was the biggest ever by the federal search and rescue team. For 28 days and nights, 140 men searched the woods. It was a \$1.4-million hunt. Today, Calvin Gustin is still missing. **Julianne Labrecque**





## After 10 years of bringing up a family in a world of rising prices, your electricity is still a good value.

Remember 1969? If you were an average Ontario family, you were probably earning around \$10,000. Out of that you spent \$1,350 to put a roof over your heads and consumed another \$1,750 at mealtimes. In those days, a car could cost you \$896 to run and it took just a few dollars less at \$805 a year to keep the family well dressed.

In 1969, the electricity to light your home, cook your meals, heat the water and run your appliances was a good buy in Ontario for about 1½ cents a kilowatt hour.

In the next 10 years as your family grew so did your income. But prices soared. By 1978, your average family earned between them, more than \$24,000.

A place to live took \$3,700 and more. While feeding your family added up to another \$4,000 out of your pocket. In 1978, running a car cost you about \$2,384 and putting the family's wardrobe together was a hefty \$1,757.

Electricity at about 3 cents a kilowatt hour is still one of the real

values left. This is especially true if it's not wasted by using more than you really have to.

Providing the electricity you need has been part of our responsibility to you for over 70 years.

ontario hydro



**Electricity—when you need it, we're there.**

# A tax on all your presses

I may lack the public impact of a sales tax hike, but Newfoundland's sudden introduction of a four-per-cent tax on media advertising is making waves in the province, and across the country, all the same. Indeed, if some business get their way, the tax may have to be defended in court.

While the Newfoundland government works out the mechanics of how to collect this new source of revenue, opponents of the advertising tax say it could raise consumer prices, depress an already sluggish provincial economy, give an unfair advantage to off-shore media advertisers and threaten the very freedom of the press. If that isn't enough, there hints the fear that if two provinces succeed in introducing a new form of taxation (Quebec already levies a two-per-cent tax on broadcast advertising), can the rest be far behind?

Fresh from a heated election campaign, during which he promised to bring in provincial sales tax (already the highest in Canada at 11 per cent), Conservative Finance Minister John O'Flaherty introduced the advertising tax in his July 19 budget. He estimated it would bring in \$700 million during the next eight months (Quebec collected \$3 million in the first year of its tax). Newfoundland has not started to collect the tax but has said it will be retroactive to July 80. The only exemptions from the four-per-cent levy apply to advertisements that cost less than \$50 and those placed in publications originating outside Newfoundland. Well into September the provincial government was still silent on how it planned to administer its new tax vehicle. Nor had it cleared the air on whether its advertisers in national publications may be taxed on the portion of circulation aimed at Newfoundland.

But almost immediately after it was announced, St. John's Evening Telegram Publisher Steve Haxby drew all the tax in an editorial as "an attack on the freedom of the press." Colin Jameson, president of the CMA network of radio stations across the province, and



Television Collector: serious attack, looking test, can the rest be far behind?

the idea was "ridiculous and totally unacceptable. For one thing, they'll never be able to collect it."

Problems were similar when Quebec's broadcast tax, now in its third year, was introduced. Don Harcourt, president of Toronto radio station CPER (whose Montreal affiliate CPM is under the thumb of Quebec legislators), says Quebec asked the radio stations to collect the tax from advertisers and then it over to the province. "Initially, a couple of Toronto-based advertising agencies refused to pay, so we were in effect financing it—we weren't collecting it but we still had to pay it out."

Harcourt says part of the reason there wasn't more opposition to the Quebec move was that broadcasters, currently federally licensed, were aware of a "veiled threat" that the province, if it separated from the rest of Canada, would take over broadcast licensing. "We knew they have a long memory, so we played ball."

O'Flaherty and others in the government say they can't understand what all the fuss is about. To Assistant Deputy-Minister of Finance Bernard Carve, it is nothing more serious than a tax on any other service—parts and labor at

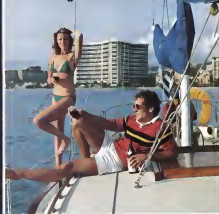
service stations or telephone calls. But to others, both in Newfoundland and across the country, there are wide-ranging implications.

Gerry Aubrey, president of the St. John's Board of Trade, says the board is considering a legal response. In Toronto, Bob Oliver, president of the Canadian Advertising Advisory Board (CAAB), warns that, since the tax will be an added cost of doing business, advertisers will pass this on to consumers in the form of higher prices.

But beyond that, the tax is seen in some quarters as a threat to the freedom of the press. "During the centennials message in an infringement on the liberties of expression," says Lloyd Hodgkinson, vice-president of the magazine division at Maclean-Hunter Ltd. and publisher of Maclean's. "Broadcasting already is licensed, but the day newspapers are licensed is the day they will die. If we don't do something, it could become a creeping parody across the country."

The saving grace, as some opponents see it, is that the Newfoundland government may not be able to administer the tax. John Foss, president of the Association of Canadian Advertisers, predicts "For every dollar they take in, they'll likely to spend another dollar in administrative costs." Brian Henderson

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# Muscling a way to the top

By Thomas Hopkins

It's hot. Peter Croft is sweating. He has the upper body of a granite. Muscles more like little fists over his back. He's climbing a feathery, pumice-strewn crack high on a pumice field wall near Squamish, 30 miles northwest of Vancouver. Eighty feet up, his feet flat as the wall, he wedges a tape-wrapped hand into the crack. Only the bottom two fingers fit. No matter, he pulls and his body glides up. Higher, two fingers knife into the crack again—to the first knuckle. The feet frantically follow on the tinnest of rock crystals. The sequence is repeated and he moves in the fast-lane-like without

stopping. He has it choreographed, mentally diagrammed, "rehearsed."

"Nasty done, Peter," is the laconic acknowledgment from below. "Impossible," says an observer. "Infidelity," says another. "Infidelity climbing." Born out of mountaineering, what Croft does has grown into something other—more gymnastics than mountaineering. Across the country thousands of muscled and brooded young men and women are crawling over quarry walls and limestone outcrops like ants. The best are now climbing routes as strenuous, smooth as and so overhanging as to defy belief. On the cliffs near Squamish, the limestone walls of Yancouver, 35 miles west of Calgary, and the crags near Mil-

ton, 30 miles from Toronto, young climbers such as Toronto's George Martson and Rob Robb, Calgary's John Laublin and Bruce Kellier and Nanaimo's Croft and Tara Knight are pushing gravity (if it whispers).

Like figure skating, rock climbing in North America is graded on a six-point scale. A few years ago 5.9 nudged the limits of possibility, anything steeper was climbed "artificially," using steel plates driven into the rock and ladders made from webbing. Today's young lions consider it sport to free climb the old pumice-studded routes using muscle.

Climbers Croft (below) and Knight like hot, more fun to do than to watch



also a Croft's cousin, Sentry Six, is rated 5.12. But even at this level the climbing is safe. The climbers are cool and well-versed in their technique. The leader is roped to his second who feeds out rope as the leader climbs and places periodic anchors such as aluminum wedges in cracks. If the leader falls—as he often does at this level—the second locks the rope, stopping the tumble. With some routes it may take two days and 30 falls before it is "rehearsed."

Although climbing, like sex, is invariably more fun to do than to watch, observing the savagery of an esthetic swooping line can bring all the pleasure of watching a *Nadia Comaneci*. The reason for doing it is the same as in gymnastics: perfection, or as near to it as the imperfect human machine can manage.

As a result, infidelity climbing represents instant obsolescence: a series of "last great problems." At Squamish this season it is a "roof," the name of which is spoken with the slightest shoulder. Soaring. The overhanging hood is 25 feet above the ground like a Tiberian jaw jutting at right angles from the cliff. It is split by a jagged, 15-foot crack. The problem is to climb—to hang really—upside down like a sticky-fingered fly to the lip and use the face without popping out. On this day, the latest version of the "Squamish hard core," easy of whom have decided climbing has more immediate value than full-time jobs, are scattered at the base of the roof stinging punk rock tunes and making rude comments as a climber after climber surrenders to the Sombie.

Today it will be Randy Atkinson, 26, who will gauge the standard. Climbing a short wall until he is hunched in the angle of roof and cliff, he reaches out. Stretched taut and quivering with exertion, he "leans" his hands and feet into the crack, carefully wedging them into place as he works his way toward the top. Methodically he clips a rope attached to his seat-style harness into anchors left in the crack after previous attempts. If he falls, he partners, Perry Theclum, will lock the rope and his safety will be assured by the aluminum wedges. Inning small grunts of effort, he punches hands treated with Griotone of lemon for toughness into the fissures, moving past the previous limit reached by a climber until he can poke a blowing hand into the sunlight on the face above the roof. But it's only for an instant, then the hold fails and he slips off, falling two feet into the grip of his rope in a cloud of dust and granite-chalk. Swinging back and forth in a cat's cradle of slings and equipment, he knows the muscle has matched the rock and as he is lowered on a spider's strand of rope the grip is unbreakable. ☐





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## Ideas

# Relief is a farm away

Farmers could use a few dozen doses of Joan and Berrie Smith. The couple, who claim to be the only "wandering gypsy farmer" team in Canada, have been operating a farm relief service in Ontario for the past two years. They treat livestock, houses and crops, and even baby-act while their customers take a vacation.

Demand for their work has been nothing short of astounding. Farmers now fit their vacations into the Smiths' schedule, rather than vice versa. The couple work year-round and are nearly always booked 12 months in advance.

The Smiths, who have farmed most of their 22 years of married life, have no home and their two sons are married. Many single men have tried the life, the Smiths say, but simple farm affairs usually end up taking permanent jobs because they find the work just too heavy. In fact, the job is so unique that when they started in Canadian companies for liability insurance, the response was a blank stare. "They've never had anything like this," explains Berrie. "There's no precedent for this type of work in Canada." Although they are incorporated to work only in Ontario, they believe the demand for relief farmers is equally great across the country.

A portfolio of jobs has fallen into their hands. They have "tut" with 10,000 chickens, an 85-year-old diabetic, 100 pigs, massive Cypripediums, five kids and 100 dairy cattle, as well as a jumble of rabbits, budgies, plants, cats and dogs. Farmers are continually amazed at the Smiths' ability to walk onto a strange herd and take over. The Smiths say they don't harbor any great secret. They simply talk to the cows, treat them with respect, and exercise patience.

Farmers have sought their services with a kind of pitiful desperation. One from Thunder Bay, Ontario, phoned to say he had bought them a pair of return plane tickets. "And my God!" says Joan. "He hadn't even booked. He'd phoned but he hadn't made a commitment. They don't even know how you get there just as long as their own get called." Another, a man with heart trouble, pleaded for their help. He was 60 and hadn't missed a calling as his farm at 40 years. Beth, incidentally, was turned down as the couple were



Smiths on barn duty and onlookers talking to the cows, treating them with respect

committed to customers elsewhere. The Smiths love their way of life. And the farmers, in turn, love them. Clients invariably ask them to return the following year. And that brings up one little problem. The Smiths have been so busy giving others a chance to go on vacation, they haven't found time to take one themselves. Loraine Kemp

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of widespread unemployment and social unrest in the developing world and nations like Venezuela and depressed people to the cities — so that it is not an accident that the men as the death knell of our society. "Population growth is mainly concentrated in cities the size of which there has never been in all of history," says the author. "In 1990, we will have over a million, perhaps as many as 37 will exceed 10 million. The organization and control demanded by this phenomenon is almost unimaginable."

This is not just one more lament at the end of the world. Progress for a Small Planet suggests more solutions than any of World's other works, and in so doing may turn out to be the most important book of her life. Frustrated with the absence of concrete results from Habitat, the 1978 UN conference critics who have called her environmental ideas impractical, she has written a kind of how-to manual to fix the world. Her research alone is staggering — the book together with that assessment of environmental experiments from around the world — and may well put to rest the argument that it is impossible to maintain a standard of life worth living while attempting to control both pollution and consumption. For instance she cites a tree recycling design for an economic plant that cuts water use by 90 per cent and cuts costs by two-thirds, the burning of garbage in 800 Western European plants to provide heat for homes and factories, the factory in Strasbourg, France, which recovers edible proteins from the polluting waste products of its yeast production. The book in typical Lyndee Johnson kept her famous treatment of the Nile. The First Nations and the New Nations, next to the Bible, those extraordinary prophecies for the "We should keep this one next to the Bible."

The assumption on which her thinking rests is simple. Ward states that if people were educated to take care, problems would be resolved. Asking for a profound shift in consciousness, she lays out two indispensable conditions for survival we must "abandon the perpetual pursuit of 'more,'" and we must identify ourselves with the world, not ourselves. In Prophecy that is the basis of *Survivors* we should extend the generous model of treaties to all international units, she recommends transferring \$20 billion a year from the rich nations to the poorer as a first step. Then, before the reader possibly flies the idea, along with unqualified support for motherhood and apple pie, she reveals that the cost would not be much more than "one per cent of the developed nations' GNP and less than 10 per cent of the world's annual \$400 billion spent on arms."

If there is a weakness in the book it surely lies in her appeal to justice to solve the world's problems. But justice may come from a deeper of agency as well as conscience, and Ward is as good as anyone at applying the goal of fear. Fear with the nightmare prospect of two billion more bodies added to this planet's had by the end of the century — "We, no nation, no race, no culture can escape a truly global destiny" — we may find ourselves more than sleepwalkers in her visionary dream.

Natalie Weiner Freeman

## Not quite fright

THE DEAD ZONE  
by Stephen King  
(Penguin Books Canada \$14.95)

For some of us—a lot of us, according to the sales figures—the arrival of a new Stephen King novel is something of an event, a major event, perhaps, but still an event. And even when that novel is less than totally satisfactory.



King: This time it's all in the head

relying, as in the case with *The Dead Zone*, it is only slightly less.

King, who explored psychokinesis in *Carrie*, vampirism in *Salem's Lot*, and telepathy and planned evil in *The Shining*, applies his considerable writing skills to psychometry (not the science, but the paranormal phenomena) in *The Dead Zone*. His hero, John Smith—a name choice more playful than his first novel—arrives from a 40-year coma with the ability to fully "know" people's present and future circumstances just by touching them or an object they have touched. This skill, in the hands—literally—of a good, decent and affable Smith, becomes progressively more cause for blessing and leads to a final confrontation

with a corrupt and god-fearing politician whose future Smith knows and deeply fears.

There are two fundamental problems with *The Dead Zone*: the first is that it is really a reworking (or perhaps overlapping) of two novels, suggesting that King did not have enough material for one full-length hard-cover novel. The second of this book is spent demonstrating Smith's strange ability and agonizing over it. The second is that we have come to expect more from Stephen King. It is, in fact, to be said, but the fact remains that his earlier work is still his best work. And he is, after all, the acknowledged contemporary master of the horror/supernatural genre. It follows that each new novel be judged accordingly.

In defence of *The Dead Zone* and King, it is a good read, in fact, it is a very good read, it is impossible to put down, but putting it down is not something we can do without. It more than meets the two criteria that King set for his kind of book in *The New York Times Book Review* a couple of years ago: it is "satisfying" and it is read with "honest enjoyment." And while *The Dead Zone* is frankly not worth the hard-cover price, anybody who cares to wait a year or so for the paperback will be more than well rewarded.

John Gault

## A passage to In-juh

SHADOW OF THE MOON  
by M.M. Kaye  
(Penguin Books Canada \$14.95)

Shadow of the Moon is a pale shadow of M.M. Kaye's previous best seller, *The For Fairies*, a 1,500-page epic of 19th-century India (pronounced In-juh). Her writing was competent and professional, she conveyed the historical information patiently, and if the plot and characters were oddly calculated to get the best of all the important events, still it was a novel one could read with a clear conscience. The new book is again set in India, this time prior to the Sepoy Rebellions of 1857, and we learn little new. But, the familiar landscape might be entering if only Kaye had bothered to come up with a new plot. In both books, the protagonist is the product of a mixed marriage, spends an early childhood in India (although perfect command of the language was sympathy for India's plight), is sent to England and returns to come to adulthood in India. In both books, the British under-lord is ordered to convey the heroine to an ill-fated arranged marriage, falling in love with her along the way. The similarities extend to details: the beauty of both heroines is "unconventional," pre-

sented food and snakes are the preferred ways of trying to get away with murder.

Kaye's reliance on mutual misunderstandings to a plot device in *The For Fairies* becomes fatal in *Shadow of the Moon*: the protagonists fall in love early on, but to keep the story riding Kaye is forced to frustrate them. Five hundreds of pages all would be fine if only he would tell her that he loves her in her first book this had a sort of Victorian charm because the lack of candor was rooted in character. Here the characters themselves are without mode or solidarity. And the plot is shameless, relying on sheer coincidence. The heroine, on an under-motivated midnight ramble, accidentally strikes the right nail to overthrow rebel plans. She approaches a strange Indian woman for help only to find she is her old nurse India must be a small world.

The writing is not quite clichéd, only hackneyed. "The glances of India—the vast, glittering, cold, mysterious land teeming with violence and beauty." The dialogue is pompous and impossible, facts are over-explained, and Kaye is given to doubling phrases: "His message was less general and more specific." In a 600-page book, this is especially tiresome. Her political point of view is also suspect. Notoriously she sympathizes with the Indians, but over-all her picture of them is fairly nasty and we find ourselves rooting for the British.

If an historical novel cannot be as interesting as this topic, it ought at least to be harder to put down than so many encyclopaedia articles. David Weinberger

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- FICTION
- 1 The Waterhouse Girls, Latham (2)
  - 2 The Last Enlightenment, Stewart (1)
  - 3 David and Goliath, Wells (1)
  - 4 War and Remembrance, Young (1)
  - 5 Sophie's Choice, Styron (2)
  - 6 The Island, Remlinger (1)
  - 7 Chesapeake, Michaels (1)
  - 8 Shogun, Freeman (1)
  - 9 The Third World War, Ancelet (1)
  - 10 Spinks, Cook (1)
- NONFICTION
- 1 How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation, Williams (1)
  - 2 Crash Landing, Smith (2)
  - 3 Learn to Swim, By Speed, Russell (3)
  - 4 Beyond Reason, Trovati (3)
  - 5 Bruce's Blues, Segal (1)
  - 6 Moments of Silence, Chomsky (1)
  - 7 The Complete Scientific Method, Galt, Newman-Baker (1)
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# THE NEW SEASON

By Bill MacVicar

A recent poll of high-school students in the United States produced startling answers to the question who would be your ideal parents? Prominent among dream moms and dads were such current and future Angles as Cheryl Ladd, Jaclyn Smith, Kate Jackson and Farrah Fawcett, actresses like Million Dollar Man Lee Majors and Lee Remick, The Incredible Hulk, wow, incredibly, in his third season anyway. In a related story, if a blazer on a young boy resembled suicide expertly because his favorite program, *Bartholomew Gulston*, had been cancelled. As television audiences all across Canada and the U.S. pop corn and chili here in Antares anticipation of the new season, it's well to remember that, given the evidence, television has become something more than an entertainment console tucked into a corner of the living room.

A Star Wars *Xenon* with curious echoes of the Book of Genesis (the what?), *Doctor Who* *Gothica* was launched with a feature film that played in theatres across Canada last year. Apparently its \$10-million-per-hour episode budget didn't pay off, so it was dropped. But the lad to discontinue ought to have known that a master hit such as Star Wars has barely begun to be exploited by the networks. So this season *Star Wars* in the *Star Wars* (TV) inherits the robots, laser guns and pre-war special effects. There's even a two-hour comic strip carried by, among other newspapers, the *Toronto Globe and Mail*.

Television, on the cusp of the 1980s, has become a closed ecological system.



The cast of CTV's 'Crossed' new shows currently scheduled to kick the old

Everything is reused, recycled, and the medium's most system nourishes a vast entertainment-culinary-grocery colony that includes movies, professional sports, the magazine industry and shampoo parlors. (It was not always thus; a quarter-century ago in the heyday of *I Love Lucy*, Lucille Ball did not peddle henna rinses, nor were the *Marion* shuffed off onto a sitcom of their own.) It's noteworthy that this season—a season like a five-week day, eh, since the CBC and CTV purchase virtually all the U.S. game-time offerings—has not been launched with a bucket of trepanes, as before, but has been emerging steadily onto our screens for some weeks now. Not a bad strategy when all the new shows are continually rereleased to pass as closely as possible for the old shows.

Don't rock the *Love Boat* in the

watchword—Favorite characters—this season including *Trapper John*, M.D. from *Melrose Place*, *Beane*, the black butler from *Sons*, and *The Bop*—continue to be spun off the cotton candy onto paper coats of their own. Situations that worked once are rejigged, cross-fertilized, turned top-sydney in the wild hope that they'll work again. Also, widowed mother (and herself a movie clown), will be joined by *Shirley*, with *Shirley Jones* in her second prime-time outing as, yes, a widowed mother. If her widow on her own is good, two are better, hence *A New Kind of Family*, about two single moms

who find themselves renting the same house. *Laverne* and *Shirley*, married, then divorced, given, on the other hand, transsexual surgery, *Laverne* and *Shirley* become blue-collar brothers in *Working Girls*, with Michael Keaton and Jim (John's brother) Belushi. *Paranormal* *Paranormal* proved that even the heaver of the most famous name of horror since *Bonanza* couldn't handle a ratings champ like *Charles* *Angels* when she left it, and this year the departure of poor *Forbes* *Edith* (Joan Stapleton) from *All in the Family* leaves *Archibald* to fend for himself with *Martha* *Baker* in *Archibald's Place*. On the side, there is no death.

The shade of *Ripley* promotes the silent *Shirley*, starring Joe Don Baker as a hard-as-nails chief of detectives in *New York* and *Paris*, starring James Earl Jones as a black crime fighter in *Other Black Star*, heir to *Doctors* *Kidd*, Casey and *Wells*, in *Loose* *Loose* *Loose*, in *The* *Loose* *Loose* *Loose*, another

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Gwyneth Gilford of 'A New Kind of Family'. Lucy wouldn't have admitted having a real...

hospital drama. As actor doctors, so into lawyers. The Associates moves the struggling students of The Paper Chase a few years hence when they are struggling junior partners in a law firm. When characters and situations begin to exhaust themselves, the personalities — the stars — are there to be recycled (renewably). While shows such as *Lone Star* and *Frontier* intend serve no other purpose than to show sword...

## The kidults are all right

Television programming for children — or indeed, as it has come to be called, has always taken into two camps: the shows children loved to watch (e.g. *The Flintstones*) and the shows parents and educators thought they ought to watch (e.g. *Muth Pflaum*). There are signs that the former is breaking down: notably with the new evening show *Whatever Turns You On*, starring Laughlin, James, Pelt, Bazz and Ottavio, comedies like *Let's Play*, plus a group of schoolchildren who get paid \$400 per show, presumably to finance their higher education.

Parents to believe that education belongs to the schools and not on television says British writer-producer Roger Price. This is antithetical to high-minded kidult programmers who chart their educational nationalism as carefully as mavericks. But then Price has experience: thanks to his *First* series (on *Cartoon*'s cable last February) and then called *You Can't Do That* on *Television*, it climbed from a five-per-cent share (50,000 watchers) to a 32-per-cent share (390,000 watchers) in just six weeks in the previous November. The *First* series is an evening Saturday morning programming from the time of *Northern* and the show is getting network-wide exposure in an evening slot. Price hopes parents will get their children, and make as bold as to can a word for his ideal series. "Kids it is if it is a series that the product of televi-

personalities in new settings. Made-for-television movies are now shows for the likes of Henry Winkler, who the Fox, who'll turn up as an updated *Stranger* in the *Stranger* (Claymore, Carol, John Ritter, of *Three's Company*, plays a has-been baseball player in *The New Season*, while Gary Coleman, of *Diff'rent Strokes*, plays an up-and-coming one in *The Kid From Left Field*). Meanwhile, on *Angel*, Kate Jackson teams up with her husband, Andrew Stevens, in a remake of *Tugger*, while sister Angel, Cheryl Ladd, joins *Voyager*.

Robert Ulrich in a drama about child abuse called *A New Start*. Dinner stars who haven't yet landed a network movie or a change on their own content their... where with *Star Trek* on *Network*, *Star Trek* the *Celebrity*, guest-hosting on *The People's Choice* awards, or a cable on *Hollywood Squares*.

The surprise would all this fervent activity is that some of the shows so casually conceived prove to be watchable, appealing, even halfway intelligent or witty. Even more surprising is that some "serious" programming was-



Christine McMillan and Kevin Samuels of 'Whatever Turns You On'. Toronto kids, admit: don't 'WOW'!

show is not programs but as audience (to be sold to advertisers) than kidultness is the ultimate product of more than a quarter-century of video education. Still on the air, the *Weekend Update* remains of early educational television — or at least practices — but in recent history, only one of the *Weekend Update* which, at its 25th season, leaves no doubt as to its philosophy: with its schoolman, Max Tran, and its respective music, such as *Do Be Be* (a "Do be, do be, do be" or whatever) *Not unlike* *Out of the Blue* (a *Random* (no man story) *It's all* different angles, parentheses, are the *Weekend Update* types who tell stories and patter around. The *Weekend Update* (21 years in the

er) *Mr. Dressup* (14 years) and *Master Rogers* (14 years) have been 17 years ago and still a syndicator.

First last season of the *Weekend Update*, *Mr. Dressup* (14 years) and *Master Rogers* (14 years) have been 17 years ago and still a syndicator.

Let's do it in fourth season on *TV*, given kids the *Weekend Update* for the first time. *Mr. Dressup* (14 years) and *Master Rogers* (14 years) have been 17 years ago and still a syndicator. *Mr. Dressup* (14 years) and *Master Rogers* (14 years) have been 17 years ago and still a syndicator. *Mr. Dressup* (14 years) and *Master Rogers* (14 years) have been 17 years ago and still a syndicator.



We may not be bringing kids to read and write. *Mr. Dressup* (14 years) and *Master Rogers* (14 years) have been 17 years ago and still a syndicator. *Mr. Dressup* (14 years) and *Master Rogers* (14 years) have been 17 years ago and still a syndicator.

Mr. Dressup (14 years) and Master Rogers (14 years) have been 17 years ago and still a syndicator.



Murray Schickel with a basket of leopards

entails featuring Maurice Perreault, Yehudi Menuhin, Jean-Pierre Rampal, Jacques Preuvel and anybody else who makes a name. There are more Superpresents than anyone would want to shake a stick at. CTV expands *Cineca* to a fall hour, and even promises some good singing in specials, chief among them one featuring the duo that has been signed for the film version of Bob (Cibola) Fosse's smash musical *Comeback*, Gaille Hawn and Lisa Minelli.

With special and variety programming out of the way, we come to the grim business of looking at what constitutes most events of television viewing. To wit, sitcoms, soap-and-rebel shows and a few sci-fi series that are neither meant nor fated nor good nor better. The thinking that affects the bulk of such programming is so pervasive, so derivative, so close to parroting that individual comments need not be offered. Let's take a look at some of the show, a basket that has, judging by its prevalence on CTV, very many eggs laid carefully in it.

Judging that growing gaggle of court jesters, the young, single personages of the sitcoms (Mary Winslow, Robin Williams, John Warner, Rose Howard) in James Bragun's *Life in the Future*, of all names, an angel—yes, an angel from heaven, not one of the billions still sent to Chicago to keep watch over a family of young persons. Their financial situation is critical—prosperous enough to afford a black-robed housekeeper who sings, good book, yet strained enough to force them to accept Random as a boarder. There's a lumpy aunt from the South, a sap to the nose in Carter country. There are lots of angelic stunts that bring all the wonders of the special-effects team to the fore. And, in another of those recurring entries to which television relegation is sent out actresses of some worth (Clara Lucanash, Nancy Walker). When Richard appears from time to time as Ben Angel, whose name seems to be a circumscription for the deity.

But even the presence of Herod was apparently not a big enough drawing card, at least on the first night, when television goes for broke. So Random commences to prove his criminal proclivities, more rather than Robin Williams, as Mark from Ork. Mark appeared no less than three times in this already over-rated hour (as the other Angels in those season premiere bawled the *Good Book*, as Lawrence and Shirley made their sensual pillow-top to *Moopie Doo!*). His scheme, hyperactive, more, as usual, made one lunge for the Vaseline.

Perhaps it was thought that Bragun



O'Connor, Sullivan: on TV there is no death

was not cutting enough for the conservative viewers who get their video fix from *Mark & Minky*. He's a long, shaggy drink of water who saps stiff life. "Hey, guys."

He's clean-cut, wholesome, nice. These inadequacies are fully covered by every trick in the book, the go-with special effects, the oddball characters, the five quirky kids swarming around the house like pinballs. Ray Charles once said, "And I'm son of a bitch!" who can say what I'll be? but didn't cover it. Out of the show will be.

What else will? One hopes that CTV's *The Associate* will, but as predecessor, *The Paper Chase*, did after one season. The John Houseman character has been sublimed into a fairly ecumenical senior partner of the law firm, played by Wilfred Hyde-White, who might inherit Mary Tyler Moore's mantle as North America's Sweetheart. The show is put together by the team responsible for last year's *Barney* Award-winning *Tam*, one of the few shows on the air that pro-

cesses the good-natured, well-acted ensemble comedy pioneered by *Mary Tyler Moore* and continued in *Barney Miller*. Achievements of that order are not to be ignored. *Barney* is the story of a black lawyer in a governor's mansion who secretly runs the state, and its hope, too, is in the quality of its writing and acting. CTV's other comedy entrants, *Nobody's Perfect* and *It's Not the Beers*, are the weak links in the chain. *Flappers* is the CTV's flagship sitcom, then comes, from the *Ring of Keweenaw* team, set in a nightclub in 1920s Montreal, the show beguiled by way of the stonking-looking girls in their clothes, heads and daisy cutouts, the spelling magic and the dynamism of the half-English, half-French-Canadian cast. What it lacks in writing and plotting. The same characters subvert *Nobody's Perfect*, *Down to Earth*, which is about four senior citizens tired of nursing homes who bond together and visit a home. The oldest cast member, Allen Amnest, is 94, and one of her colleagues, Jack Amnest, is her son. One would have been content to watch this endearing foursome do-its for hours instead, they were buried in plots that show no reason for interest.



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The derivative shows, once a bright spot on television, need to have exposed themselves utterly. The writing

Hyde-White overruled by "association" will be becoming North America's sweet heart?

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James Earl Jones in *Park*, Susan Roman in *Flappers*: part of an audience looking

in detail, the plots or rehearsed they resemble a parade. *Hot to Trot*, with Robert Wagner and Stephanie Powers as McMillan and Wife, or *Nick and Nora Charles*, looks the peak of the litter. An adventure series starring a dog is *The Littlest Hobo*, making a comeback with a descendant of the original dog. So much for the season, except for *Barney Miller*, including *John, Anne and George Moore*. May is golden, the hours and enrich the form of millions.

What television is moving toward on the cusp of the '80s is an end to hedonism, a simple program (one including commercials), now funny, now thrilling, occasionally sad or heartwarming, available on any channel. Since, despite the success of some Canadian-produced shows and the excellence of programming at its often-overlooked best, the dominant video influence in the twenty-first century—the program produced around Hollywood and sold to the highest bidder. So the apex of the television season—current reality by the CTV—is the *Barney Awards*, an event tantamount to a state occasion, a wedding or coronation, in the extended royal family that ruled Rampage at the turn of the century.

Reality was out in force. Mary Tyler Moore, Walter Cronkite, even Milton Berle graced the subterfuge "Tele-Tribune" in person. They were welcomed, in hander-working roles, by the go-comes and princelings. It was a celebration of celebrity itself, its superstars that night (including President Jimmy Carter in a Howard Sterned, Ron the Wonder Dog, Miss Pogo, in Annapolis and the Pore said, during commercial breaks, even the Kraft pack of hands, tirelessly playing spinach in mixing bowls, wrapping croissant rolls around unexpected stallings, drawing triumphant parades out of brief cuts on television, even, as money can be transmuted into celebrity.

With film from Risa Christopher

again to get profaned. What makes the CBC a solid North American resource—a network that frequently manages to sidestep the high seriousness of the educational conflict—is not its week-to-week lineup of comedy, soap-and-rebel and variety shows, but its special programs. Often these contribute the most acts of television on the continent.

Following in the august footsteps of Sir Kenneth Clark, Jacob Bronowski, John Kenneth Galbraith and Dr. Jean-Marie Miller is folkier Yehudi Menuhin, in an eight-hour series *The Music of Yehudi Menuhin*, the story, sharp host of an exuberance of some (what it is, what it means, how people use it) which ranges from Gregorian chant to Judy Collins. An equally dull—not to say, often coarse—course in civic history and prosperity in *Ottawa*, in which 13 celebrities (legitimate ones, including Glenn Gould in Toronto and Peter Onorato in Leningrad) take viewers in Cook's tour of beloved metropolises. *The Medicine Show* treats health care in an investigative-journalism format, and not a moment too soon.

Early in the new year, Patrick Watson will shed a seven-hour look at what makes the country tick in *The Canadian Establishment*, drawn from the best-seller by Peter C. Newman. Among more limited specials are *Dieppe 1942*, coming in November, a wrenching documentary of what went wrong on one of the bloodiest days of the Second World War. *Harry Risky* turns his lens on a playwright in Arthur Miller on *Rome Ground*, a documentary which includes footage of many classic stage and film performances of Miller's works.

On the next rung down are the dramatic specials, highlighted by *Crossfire*, starring Brett Caverly in the story of an Olympic high jumper who loses a leg but is determined to jump again in 1960 at Moscow. Other entries include *The*

Woodward, a Marianne Richler drama. Stated dramatic series (or mini-series, to use the ubiquitous term) include *Edward and Mrs. Simpson*, more toy nostalgia for imperial days; *Growing Up Jewish* in *Shah* Sir. Mary, and *Frederick, Fodor, Soldier, Spy*, from the John Le Carré book. CTV offers *Fuller*, trader: stuff. *Raymond* stars Lee Remick and Joan Roberts in a true drama about growing up in a Hollywood, based on Brooke Hayward's reminiscences. And last year's mini-series *Spenser* is a full-fledged one in *From Here to Eternity*. *The War Years*, using Pearl Harbor the way *Manon* *Five-O* and the rest of the islands.

Canadian programming differs from that south of the border mainly in its wealth of music and variety shows, on which, down there, Mary Tyler Moore seems to have dined the rolls. In what is his dual, two-phase return to television last season CTV's wide-ranging *Openhouse* series gets a pale send-off with *The Gals*, a full-scale concert pre-

Brooks: very many eggs carefully laid



Brooks: very many eggs carefully laid

## An intellectual scrambled egg, Joe Clark, like Gaul, is divided into three parts

By Allan Fotheringham

There are, if you must know, three Joe Clarks. The public has yet to discover it, but there are three distinct blue suits, trying over one another, bumping into the opposing personas, jealously fighting for a bigger piece of the action. The genius minister of Canada is a home divided into itself, a schizophrenic mélange, an intellectual scrambled egg. Joe Clark, the Gaul, is divided into three parts.

There is, first of all, the Joe Clark called Bravado. This is the Joe Clark who deftly announces, at a press conference within 24 hours of taking office, that of course he will be moving the Canadian embassy in Israel to Jerusalem, and wherever thereafter, he didn't have the guts to do so, and he was serving notice to the civil service and diplomats that he didn't need their advice, and so there, take that. It is the mark of a man who is tired of having sand kicked in his face. He can read. He knows that Larry Zolt has kicked him the most. He knows that the press that trailed him on his world tour (celebrated in some, skirt and umbrellas which last to dawn) regarded his conduct in foreign climes as gauche, unbecoming and embarrassing. The Jerusalem play was the answer to the taunts: he would make a bold foreign initiative, a slap on the face to those who claimed he was lost in the world beyond High River.

This was the Joe Clark from Bravado in motion: pushing the limit of course. Poor Robert Stanfield—Stanfield of Anish—has become the battered head bag of the Middle East, currently plodding from country to country, tagged thus way by Isaacstern Began, bashed the other way by the Arabs, the original coffee man offering his body and (and impossible reputation) on the altar in an attempt to rescue a silly bit of bravado.

It should be remembered here, before we leave this portion of the scrambled egg, that while at university Joe Clark met regularly with a group of judo fan-

these usual college brawling and whether the world senses it. It was Joe's point to arrive each time with a new word that none of the others had ever heard of. That is a small clue to the personality. (Occasional fans of the English language will understand, therefore, the man's liking for such attributes as "privatization" and "specificity.")

The second Joe Clark, fighting the first, is the Joe Clark from Civility. He really is a conservative. The man will only baste slowly (integrated only by these aberrant bursts of bravado to



prove that he is not cautious). It is why we are now being sick, forced to death. Of course we're going to junk Pearson was the campaign pledge and the partitioned assertion. Now a task force, composed of aging courtiers from the private sector and including no member representing the public, will investigate the possibility and will be struck with the responsibility for privatization, if necessary, but not necessarily privatization. Poor Stanfield is to investigate. Stanfield is happy that it will go away. Mortgage interest deductibility? Well, we're sticking by the pledge but we just haven't decided all the details about a project that will help those who don't need help and hurt those who do.

The cautious Joe Clark (aka Lowell Murray) into the Senate as a way of correcting a mistake made by the Joe Clark from Bravado. The appointment to the same chamber of the brain Robert de Cotret? Since it is now apparent that de Cotret is in danger of being eaten for breakfast by the long-suffering Lib-

eral economic cadre in the upper house, the senate and onto Murray is the life preserver for the naïve and impetuous de Cotret. Civility always follows bravado, an instinct that will keep Joe Clark in office a long time.

The first 100 days? Journalism reverberates with comparisons to Kennedy and Pearson, not to mention Roosevelt. The cautious Joe Clark, from a cautious small town, instead shut down the country, cooling its temperature, adjusting it to his cautious style, refusing the entreaties to all Parkinson. For the end-fanged ones of Tories across the land, for the instant bloodletting among the libeled Liberal patronage appointments, Clark, hummed and worried. The head of Bryce Mackenzie on a platter? That will come—in due time. The fashionable burs of the land are awash with the obscenities of young Tony. Investors awaiting their chance to dip their blue noses into the trough as long reserved for their gift drinking companions. Caution prevails.

Bravado and these two warning elements within the same house is the most recent Joe Clark, the private one. He is, like Stanfield, an entirely different person when released. Public appearances, rather than bringing out the stars of a Trudeau or a Kennedy, seem to mystify and perplex Clark, rendering him not even a windup stickman and clucking the sick chicken that echoes in the halls of his ministry.

In private, he has a nose, dry wit—especially about himself. He can hold himself up against the light and discuss what he regards as his strengths and what he knows full well are his weaknesses. He can be much more cynical about perceptions than the voters, who cheer him, would ever expect.

We will see intermittently, jerky evidence of the first two characteristics, but little if any of the latter. He knows vaguely where he wants to go. He is just slightly confused about how to get there.



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